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Poetry.

For the Blade.

GOD IS GREAT.

BY D. T.

When waiting, and watching, and weary,
And disunyed at abrupt fate,
And chided unkindly, and the world looks dreary;
Remember that God is great.

When all your efforts, and striving, and trying,
Seem useless, and oftentimes too late,
And the days are short, the years fast flying;
Remember that God is great.

When friends your need pass by without heeding,
And refuse the word for which you wait,
And the world from under your feet seems receding;
Remember that God is great.

He will your purposes gather in season,
And return them again in their best estate,
Culling the thorns that would have pierced your bosom;
Remember that God is great.

IN BONDAGE.

ROBERT TROWBRIDGE.

You weep, my Lill, above the page,
That tells the "ancient wrong"
Of captives' tears and tyrants' rage,
And weak oppressed by strong:

Your Poet knows a sterner thrall,
A harder yoke he sings—
The bondage of the very Small,
The Tyranny of Things.

And truly ours is hardest fate,
Our let more hopeless far,
Who scarcely feel our lost estate,
Or know what slaves we are.

Slaves to Life's thousand small demands,
Its toil, its fret, its care;
Slaves to our homes, our goods, our lands,
Slaves to the clothes we wear!

Slaves to the cherished things we fold
In carefal closets shut,
The plates we store, the books we hold
Too choice to read—or cut!

Slaves—ah, to what a host of things!
Poor Gullivers, who quake
Beneath a web of threads and strings
We know not how to break!

Give place, O "Tamerlane the Great,"
Sesostris, Ptolemy!
I sing the bond to whose hard weight
Your chains were liberty:

The yoke more strict than despot's thrall,
More stern than rule of kings—
The hardest tyranny or all,
The tyranny of things!

—*The Century.*

Our Story Teller.

AN EXPENSIVE GIFT.

BY EMORY J. HAYNES.

"Something odd, rich and in good taste." "Expensive, of course," responded the obsequious salesman, with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

"Well, you know I don't mind the cost," I answered.

"I should say not, Mr. Gifford," the man replied, at the same time bowing me along in that body-bending sort of way that salesmen seem to think tickles us customers who have big money to spend. "Right this way. Into our sanctum sanctorum. Yes, yes. Ahn! Not every one is invited in here." And he poked me confidentially along into that room with the curtains and gaslight, don't ye know, where they pretend to keep the nicest things in art.

In fact they knew me well at Bolton's. I was a free buyer of anything new and rare that they imported; had been, indeed, for ten years, ever since I came into my property.

"What a raft of stuff you gentlemen have worked into my bachelor quarters, first and last," I said to the salesman.

"And yet, sir, not a parvenu in your residence! Not a vulgar piece. All *w'rtable*."

"Yes, I flatter myself I have good taste," I sighed. It then occurred to me that the house was one of ours at the club and had been schooled abroad in this *virtu* business, don't ye know. I met him first over there.

My wish in this particular instance was for something delicate but very sincere, as they call it. I had rarely ever been so genuinely moved. I think never in my life. I might have permitted myself to become actually excited over it, except that I never forgot what belonged to good form. Now that last hurdle at Sheepshead bay will excite most men, especially if they have much up. But I never gave way. Did you never notice me on my cob, statuesque to the finish, and my glasses not even trembling as I put them to my eyes? The fellows always remarked of me, did the dears boys, and envied me. Yes, don't you know. Just so at Le Grand Prix. And you know how hot it always is in Paris in June. Of course the Derby is a bit exciting to everybody, so many there.

The fair creature—as they put it in the old-fashioned novel—I never read these new ones about the dramas, for they make me think of pictures unvarnished, and besides they come too close home, sort o' vulgar photography of Boston people whom I know; and any fellow can manage a camera, but it takes an artist to create and paint a fair creature with real romantic surroundings—well, I met her first in Geneva, where she was at school. Her watchful parents were starving near by at a pension.

It was for her that I wanted this present. For five years I had bided my time. That sweet face—but her parents were puritanical sort of people, very wealthy, you know, but very proper. The child was ever under a cinema of a preceptress, who kept my queen quite out of reach of such a scapegrace as I was then. I used to manage to meet her, however. Don't some young heart thrill as he or she reads this with the memories of those Geneva schools, walking out in such pretty procession Saturday afternoons, with the two teachers ahead and alongside and bringing up the rear, and brilliant winter's sunshine, the glorious lake, the long bridge around whose shapely piers the clear waters parted like liquid amber, into which a dreaming idler could stand gazing by the hour? Don't you remember the other fellows who used to come out and watch the pretty armies of the girls' schools? It was like a grand review day very often. Of course they saw us; knew we were Americans; and I am sure we Yankee boys looked as well as the English and German fellows who used to be on the bridge also. Ah, we came pretty near several duels with those foreign chaps! That they should so much as dare look at our girls! Ours were the fairest faces in those schools. The English girls had more color, but they walked more like oxen. There were some pretty Egyptian misses in the school with my Dulcinea. But such bright, clear and flashing good looks as the American girls had! We Yankees do boast of it. I believe I did not mention that I was in old Pierre Lombard's boys' school. Dear old Geneva, I salute thee! So does many another who reads these lines. By the way, boys, old Pierre is dead. He died last year. I was in Heidelberg at the time and went down on invitation.

Well, well. It was in old Geneva that I lost my heart. I met May often later on as the family began to travel a couple of years after her graduation; met at railway stations and hotels, don't ye know. Her dignified father introduced me at last, one day in Brussels. We traveled to Paris together. I knew then that she might some time love me if I behaved. Still there was never anything in Galignani's about me. I candidly review my life this moment, and in all my continental residence there was never anything beastly bad about me. A lone fellow in this world, a mere boy when my guardian first sent me over there, with too much money, with lots of health and no more religious training than I had had—God forgive me. I'll not reflect on the devil—why I did think that Mary's Presbyterian father might look further and fare worse for a son-in-law. Still, I was surprised, you may believe, on their return to Boston and her coming out, to receive a card!

But to my Christmas present. We had got on to the point, heaven bless her gracious condescension, that I felt free to risk it. It must be rich, rare and yet very quiet. There was nothing loud in that circle. And that was always my taste too, as everybody knows. I think I never in my whole existence on this mundane sphere gave to any subject so much profound thought and weary search of willing feet and eyes. My happiness for life depended upon it, I then thought and I think so still. I tried the best stores here; I ran over to New York, I plodded up and down stairs in slow-and-sure Philadelphia. "Exquisite, quiet, rich, rare, costly," I kept repeating. If I had had time I would have cabled over a commission, but I was afraid of the steamer in its winter voyages, you know. I was at my wits' end. It is astonishing how singularly cheap all the Christmas presents are in our American shops. It is very difficult to spend a good round sum, a sum anywhere near what a wealthy person wishes to spend, a sum at all comparable with the heart of the giver, not to speak of the heart of the receiver. I hear it said that poor people always feel very poor at Christmas time. Singular, isn't it? Why, it is the gifts that seem poor to me. You can't buy anything hardly that is worth having. You have to apologize. You have to fill your arms up with so many things, like a toy weapon at a charity fair, in order to make any kind of an exhibit of affection. My experience is, among other things, that it is a very rare thing, a present that makes any one laugh right out or bring tears of joy, or even make pretty languid eyes open wide. You try it. You can't do it! They know you're rich, and they expect a fine thing. But the fine things can't be found.

Well, in this state of mind—I am going to tell it just as it transpired, for I am telling this at a distance and can't hear you laugh or sneer—I threw myself down in my room at the Fifth avenue in New York, on my way back to Boston, disgusted. It was a bitter cold night, I remember. The very windows were frozen. The electric light was frozen as it beat against the outside of my warm window panes. I was tired enough to drop to sleep waiting for dinner.

In my sleep—as I see it now—a bright little personage, not as tall as a wine bottle, perched on the corner of the mantel in grotesque acrobatic poise and said:

"Why don't you give her something that costs till you feel it?"

"My curious genius," I exclaimed, springing half off my chair, "that's—that's my wish exactly. Who you are or what you are I—I confess I don't know. But you have hit my purpose to the clip of a polo mallet!"

"Then I will direct you," piped the queer, thin voice.

"Name it!" I gasped

"Give her a temperate habit!"

"A what?"

"Give her a sweet breath without the mingled fumes of cigarettes and fine brandies. Give her a clean mouth, a clear brain, a healthy nerve, an eye with no unnatural watery humors swimming in its affectionate glances. Give her a strong, steady hand!"

"Why, my shining garcon," I cried, "I am no drunkard!"

"Think of her sweet mouth!" laughed the imp.

"It is indeed charming to think of," I sighed.

"Try to realize how that long, silken mustache of yours smells after, say, your usual day of cigarettes and small nips. Ha, ha!"

"You vulgar hobgoblin! How dare you mention such indelicate things in connection with Mary Parker!"

"Nevertheless, this fact, dear boy, that you can't even whisper in her shell of an ear without—"

"Get off that mantel," I shouted, insulted.

The creature only laughed a Stygian echo to my voice and gave me another. "Mi hewy, you'li be breaking her heart by being brought home from your club in a limp, hand-me-down condition within five Christmases, even if you get her to come and live in your home. Do you want to break this lily, petal by petal, as a browsing steer breaks the flowers with his hoof, preferring to eat cabbage? Why do you seek to marry such a charming proper person, unless you are willing to live as she lives?"

"Marry her? Why? Because she is the most beautiful woman on earth to-day and has my heart."

"No, she has not. You don't love her enough to give her even a sweet breath. Bah! I can do this with the fumes from your shapely mouth, even now." And quicker than I can say it, the Thing, whoever it might be, struck a match on the bronze shield of St. George—the mantle ornament on which he sat astride that minute—and set fire to my respirations. My breath burned with a sickly blue flame, suggestive of a place I had read about in school exercises in Dante. "Put it out! Fire! Quench it!" I screamed, spinning my chair back across the room.

"Exactly. Suppose you put it out yourself," mocked the Thing.

The blue flame flickered out of itself, and I sat with drops of ice on my forehead as far away from the mantel as I could drive the chair with both heels in the carpet.

"Now, be manly," calmly continued the creature. "I have suggested an expensive gift. Say here and now that you will give it to sweet Mary Parker. I'm your friend. I mean good to you both, eh?" Then he began to fan himself with two prismatic wings.

I looked hard at the imp who was curled up there on the bronze of the mantels. He was surely quizzing me now; a fine sneer was distemible on his old, ebony face. I was sure he thought I could not do it. He wound his snake like legs about the figure of St. George and the dragon, and dropping his head, began to finger his chin. "Can't afford it, my boy! Haven't got riches of honor and love enough to knock off drinking to please the girl you love. Ha, ha!"

"But, you wizard, she has never asked it."

"No? Don't be so sure. I have just read it in her eyes.

"Imp! She's in Boston."

"Whence I have just come. See here, young man, I have just danced on the tips of the flames that glow in the grate before her tiny slippers. She is thinking you over. Hi, ho! Out on the smoke I came, up chimney and on the wintry wind to you.

I can live in the flame, I can live in the flood,
But I love the soft June and the calm of deep wood.
I emerge on this frosty air,
At connivance of this lady fair,
That I—"

"You wretch! Spare me! Anything but the annual infliction of holiday poetry!"

Whereupon, without further solicitation, this creature of my dreams broke off two rays from the lamplight that fell over my shoulder, hammered them into pinions on his hard little knees and flew out into the night.

I dare say you are interested to know how this affair terminated. Well, when I awoke I found the cold gray light of winter at the morning windows. I got off to Boston as soon as I could and resolved to go to work on that present. I had only four weeks to begin it, but now these five years, the coming Christmas, I have been working on it. This truthful narrative of actual fact in a human life I have consented to give to my friend for a Christmas story. I know that truth is stranger than fiction and harder to be believed. All right. Do as you please. But only yesterday afternoon up here at our country place on the Hudson, whither Mary and I take the two children for Thanksgiving and Christmas, as we came in from a rough country ride, all glowing with health. Mary stood halting by the horse block a moment, clutching her habit prettily, said:

"Do you remember that it is just five years ago to-day since we were engaged?"

"What makes you remember that day?" I asked. "Most married couples forget it and recall only the wedding date."

"Because of the perfect health that I so much admire in you every day up here. It all began with that present of yours. How strong you are for these rides! how tireless, how manly—"

"Now stop."

"No, I will not stop. I often wonder if the good husbands realize that we, the wives, admire manly vigor in them as much as they do wifely grace and beauty in us. How much it adds to our happiness that we are both in perfect health. Perfect health! Oh, God, we thank thee! How rich, full, zestful is living! Every breath is a delicious sensation! And it all comes to you, you once pale face, from the present that you gave me, your reform of those two habits."

"Oh, that did cost me something, didn't it? No one will ever know what I spent on it. Days of struggle, nights of sleeplessness, watching, fighting, care and prayer. I could never have afforded it had not the Almighty stood behind me and helped me to pay the bill."

The snow is falling amid the great trees on the lawn. It is just such a night as that night in Fifth avenue. But the great windows of this happy home gleam with no Dante's light, I trust. The imp has never come back to mount the St. George and the dragon which I have put on my mantel. But this good flesh and blood angel has bided long by my fireside. She has cleansed my mouth till I think I even talk better. If I am anything of a man I owe it to her. God bless her and bless God for her! Many a man who reads this will say the same. I have given my wife the house in town, settled upon her a fortune in her own right, would in fact, give her everything in the world, wouldn't you? Perhaps you have—in money. But would you, could you make up your mind to give your good wife the breaking off of any dear old habit, even if it half killed you? She would prize it more than many deeds of many lands, yea and much fine gold. Say it amid the reveries of this Christmas night that is coming—and pardon the bungling preaching of an unskilled tongue like mine that don't often attempt a homily.

"Mary, pass the pop-corn, and do not let those two children eat any more to-night."

A WELL-PAID INSURANCE MAN.

Working the "Mutual" Racket for all it is Worth.

Some men are born smart and some have smartness thrust upon them. I was thinking of that the other day at overhearing the conversation between a couple of New Yorkers over the smartness of a young gentleman who is at the head of one of those multifarious mutual insurance companies which abound in the East. The "mutual" part of the business is what catches the outsiders, who believe that the regular life or accident insurance companies are cormorants and leeches. Tack on "mutual" and have assessments monthly or bi monthly and the suckers bite ravenously. The party being discussed was several years since a member of a clothing firm, when he caught on to the idea of a "mutual" accident insurance company that should be for everybody's benefit in general and his own in particular. He selected a board of friendly trustees and developed his plan, first making himself president and general manager. First-class Broadway offices were selected and a judicious system of advertising resorted to. The institution is to-day an unqualified success, with 50,000 members, who pay in each about $15 yearly. Of this amount $12 covers the insurance losses, the other averages dues. The manager has a magnificent country seat, a splendid city residence, and revels in luxuries which seem only be indulged in by ancient bank presidents or the heads of the old-time insurance companies. Where is the milk in this mutual insurance cocoanut? was the question which the two New Yorkers were discussing. Said one of these:

"Why, don't you know? In poker it is all in the draw—in this mutual insurance it is all in the dues. In this company there are 50,000 members. In its infancy it had hard work getting up to 5,000 and the courageous manager said to the trustees: 'For all my arduous services in the conception and organization of this company gave me $1 for each certificate of membership. Let this contract be for 50 years. Then if I build up the company I will reap the benefit.' It was agreed, and to-day the manager gets $50,000 per annum. I understand that the friendly board of Trustees suggested to their general manager that he was getting 'too much pie,' and he generously donated $10,000 of his percentages for the glory of the thing. But he wasn't obliged to, all the same. But he knows a heap about policies, and his policy is to run with the current, not against it."—*N. Y. Letter.*

FUNNY BITS.

A REGULAR ATTENDANT.

"My young friend," he said solemnly, "do you ever attend a place of worship?

"Yes, regularly every Sunday night," replied the youth. "I'm on my way to see her now."

CULTURED THOUGH WESTERN.

They were in an art gallery.

"What a fine bust!" exclaimed the Boston girl.

"Ah, yes," said the Chicago one, who makes a specialty of refinement, and has got there in great shape, "it is, indeed, a beautiful burst."

ALL RIGHT IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Countryman (to dime museum freak)—Are you the wild man of the Borneo woods?

Freak—No, sir, I'm the horned man from the fastness of the Dark Continent. Wantaphotographonlytwentyfi'cen's?

Countryman—Where's your horns?

Freak—I had a headache an' I took 'em off. The photographs has got 'em on, sir.

A PAINFUL BLUNDER.

Boston Young Lady—I want to look at a pair of eyeglasses, sir, of extra magnifying power.

Dealer—Yes, ma'am; something very strong?

Boston Young Lady—Yes, sir. While visiting in the country last summer I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat.

Dealer—May I ask what that—er—blunder was?

Boston Young Lady—Oh, yes. I mistook a bumble bee for a blackberry.

THE DRUMMER'S REVENGE.

Kansas Landlord (to commercial traveler)—What do you think of this for a Sunday dinner, my friend; boss, eh?

Commercial Traveler (dubiously)—Well—er—to tell the honest truth—

Landlord—I think I'll have the bill of fare published in the newspapers.

Traveler—Yes, publish it in the newspapers that use "patent insides."

A Hard Case.

All newspaper readers, says the Pittsburg *Chronicle-Herald*, are more or less familiar with the name of "Long John" Wentworth, that eccentric colossus who left his father's farm up in New Hampshire many years ago for Chicago, into which he walked one morning the possessor of a stout heart and three shillings. How he saw Chicago's future, bought land, became rich, was sent to Congress, and stood the central figure of Chicago life for years has all been read, but a new story told the historian a day or two ago ought to be perpetuated in type.

"Long John" was not a pious man; oftentimes he would shock some good deacon or mother in Israel into solicitous horror by his unsainly expressions and curious manners of living. Probably more prayers have been sent up for Mr. Wentworth than for any other man in Chicago. But, spite of all this, he used regularly to attend religious services at a certain Baptist church, where he would sit complacently under terrific denunciations of such as he from the lips of some iron-tongued orator.

One day the pastor of a newly established Universalist church came to the corner and said in tones of sweet persuasion: "Mr. Wentworth, why don't you come down and join our society? We are very liberal. We know you swear a little and drink some whisky, but we won't trouble you about that. As it is now, you are insulted every Sunday by those baptists. Come, now, join us."

"Long John," from his 6 feet 7, looked fiercely down upon the venturesome parson, and shouted in his gruffest voice: "Why in thunder don't you ask me for a check and be done with it? Join your church, eh? Do you think I'd be —— fool enough to join a church that would have *me* in it?"

Chunks of Southern Philosophy.

"A possum sometimes gits mee o'b dere own way dan agrees wid dere own health," philosophically remarked an old colored woman to her mistr ess. "I mind once dat I wanted ter visit my sistah, 'n' nuffin' mus' do but dat I mus' going' Moses's ox kyart. Moses was a goin' down dere faw to do some haulin', 'n' I tole him to take me 'long.

"He says to me, 'Polly, dem oxen is mighty frisky, an' yer bes' not go wid all dem pickaninnies,' but I paid no 'tention ter 'im.

"I tuck six or seben ob de smalles' children, and climbed into dat ox-kyart.

"Well, fus' ting I knowed dem oxens 'gan ter trot, and I yelled ter Moses, ter, knows what was de matter.

"'Dey is runkin' for de water!' says 'e.

"'Stop 'em, den, for massy's sake!' says I.

"'I can't,' says 'e.

"Wid dat I jumped outen dat kyart leabin' all dem pickaninnies in dar. Den I war in distress sho' enough, 'n' I yelled, 'O dem oxen! O my children!' And all de time dem beasts kep' a lopin' for de branch, 'n' Moses was runnin' 'n' yellin' gee' 'n' 'haw 'n' ratsin' a pow'ful dus', but couldn't stop 'em.

"Putty soon I saw young Mars Robert comin' down de road, 'n' I says, 'Mars Robert, for goodness' sake keep dem oxens from drinkt!' 'n' he jes says, 'Whoa der now!' 'n' dey stop stock still.

"I got out dem chillen' 'n' I haint been so sot in my way eber sence!"

WHY DO WE SHAKE HANDS?

The Pump-Handle Process an Unnecessary and Disagreeable One.

Why do we shake hands? No one appears to know. It does not mean much, if anything. Who has not suffered from the strong and hearty grasp of, let us fondly hope, ardent friendship, when our perhaps ringed hand is wrung with the fervor of enthusiastic gushingness or affection by some Hercules in dogskins, who forgets he sometimes goes near to smashing the fragile and confiding fingers rashly for the moment placed at his mercy. Why are we thus compelled to suffer from our friends?

Who has not suffered from the man who, when you meet him, holds your hand as if it were a pump handle for ten minutes, and will not let go? Who has not suffered from that other who will not hold on at all, but al ows you to do the shaking process for him? Who does not know the man who simply seizes your hand to throw it violently away from him in apparent fury? Who does not fear the sort of spasmodic hand shake who pushes you backwards and forwards, to him and away from him, as if he were sawing you perpendicularly through? Who does not try to shun the man who works your arm round as if you were a barrel organ? Who is unacquainted with the man with the clammy hand, who, as a rule, will not wear gloves? Why must we shake hands with him?

Yet we all do it; we dislike it; we dislike it very much, even; he sees we dislike it, that it is positively distasteful to us; yet, meet him to-morrow, and out comes his hand once more to engulf your own, and make you wish you had gone wherever you were going by another route. To sit down calmly to write of "shaking hands" is so enormous an undertaking that one would require almost three volumes wherein to express all there is to be said on this subject. When one thinks that not only every country in the world, but nearly every county in that country, has some special and distinguishing method of salutation on meeting friends and acquaintances, it seems absurd even to attempt it.

We are credibly informed that hand shaking, which is supposed to be a proof of friendly feeling, first came into fashion in the time of Henry II. Up to that time our ancestors were more affectionate in their greetings than we, their colder natured descendants, embracing and kissing each other in the same fashion as our neighbors oh the other side of the channel and in Italy are accustomed to do at the present moment. The historian who is pleased to date the commencement of hand shaking in place of osculation and embracing about Henry II.'s time is perhaps in error, as it is more probable the close embrace of acquaintances began to be discontinued later on, perhaps when tobacco was first introduced into this country.

This certainly seems a probable surmise, as even in our present year of grace a man who has been smoking a cheap cigar or a rank pipe is certainly not the most embraceable object in the world; and only think what the tobacco of Raleigh's time must have been like! However, whether Henry II. did or did not begin the fashion of "shaking hands" it is now rapidly becoming overdone in England. The fine "fleur des pois," the "creme de la creme," quite too-too people do not indulge in this practice as much as the upper and lower middle classes, for there every one shakes hands with every one on entering and leaving a room, on meeting in the street, and on saying "good morning," "good night," or "good-by."—*London Queen.*

Precautionary.

"Daniel," remarked the President, with an indigestible grunt.

"Yes, sire," responded Daniel, sympathetically.

"Have you noticed by the papers that the horses in New York since the blizzard are suffering with a peculiar malady?"

"Yes, sire."

"Have you learned what it is, Daniel?"

"I believe, sire, that its technical name is 'asaturia.'"

"What causes it, Daniel?"

"The learned doctors, sire, say it is a result of being well fed and not taking the necessary exercise."

"There has been a case reported in Washington, hasn't there, Daniel?"

"Yes, sire, the papers of this morning so stated."

"Um—um," grunted the President, nodding his head slowly and rubbing his chin. "Daniel, go and get a dozen bottles of asaturia remedy and put them in my desk."

"But, sire," expostulated Daniel, "you are——"

"Do as I bid you, Daniel," interrupted the President, "and don't give it away to the newspapers."

A Marred Destiny.

At Pevensey is the beach on which the Norman Conquerer landed. The castle on the cliff at Hastings marks the spot where he first planted his standard. From that place it is easy to trace his line of march till he saw Harold with the English army facing him on the high hill of Senlac. The battlefield is as well marked as that of Waterloo, and fancy can recall the charge of the Norman cavalry up the hillside against the solid formation and the shield wall of the Saxon precursors of our British infantry. The ruins of Battle Abbey, the religious trophy of the Conquerer, are still seen, and the side of the high ridge nearly marks the spot where the fatal arrow entering Harold's brain slew not only a king, but a kingdom, and marred the destiny of a race. We are on the scene of one of the great catastrophes of history. Had that arrow missed its mark, Anglo-Saxon institution, would have perected itself in its purity, Anglo-Norman aristocracy would never have been, or have felt its evil traces on society, the fatal connection of England and France, and the numerous French wars of the Plantagenets would have been blotted out of the book of fate.

How Daniel Boone Died.

A Kentucky newspaper 70 years old, and just found among some old papers, gives the following account of the death of Daniel Boone: "As he lived so he died, with his gun in his hand. We are informed by a gentleman direct from Boone's settlement on the Missouri that early last month Col. Boone rode to a deer lick and seated himself within a blind raised to conceal him from the game; that while sitting thus concealed, with his trusty rifle in his hand, pointed towards the lick, the muzzle resting on a log, his face to the breech of his gun, his rifle cocked, his finger on the trigger, one eye shut, the other looking along the barrel through the sights—in this position, without a struggle or motion, and of course without pain, he breathed out his last so gently that when he was found next day by his friends, although stiff and cold, he looked as if alive, with his gun in his hand just in the act of firing."

Senator Conkling's Hair.

Roscoe Conkling's hair is getting thinner on the top of his head, and one with sharp eyes can see the outline of his skull, back of the forehead. The scalp is of the ruddy tint, which makes his brow look a little feverish, and which deepens in color on his cheeks and neck, so that the man seems as if he were blushing. Still it is only his usual healthful glow, heightened by the increasing whiteness of his hair. That famous curl over the middle of his forehead, which his caricaturists used to burlesque so sharply, has lost its old-time glory, and now droops so that it is only a small image of its old self. There used to be told a story that Senator Conkling wore the curl to conceal a scar which he had received from a horse when a lad. The scar must have been small and slight, for it is pretty hard to see anything of it now that the curl has retreated.—*New York Sun.*

Not Quite Ready for School.

Artful Jimmy (conscious of unprepared lessons, and desirous of staying from school): Mamma, dear, what sort of illness is there you don't have to take medicine for?—*London Fun.*

Expecting Too Much of the Clergy.

"A clergyman is accused of being seen tying a tin can to a dog's tail." Well what of it? Some people are unreasonable enough to expect that because a man is a minister he ought to tie silver goblets to dogs' tails.

A Claim to Distinction.

"Who is that girl people are staring at? Any one of note?"

"My dear fellow, I should say so! She is the only amateur actress in this country who has refused to be 'starred' professionally."

Well Recommended.

Customer—Are those neckties strong?

Shopman—Strong? Why, sir, last week sold one to a gentleman as was a 'ankering after suicide, and he liked it so much that he used it to 'ang 'iself, and it bore 'is weight beautifully.

Our New Serial Story.

JACK DUDLEY'S WIFE.

A NOVELETTE OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

By MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," "Under the Rose," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

FORTUNE TURNS HER WHEEL.

"Leave us, Georgie," said the intruder after a pause. "I must speak with this gentleman alone. It is incumbent on me. My duty to you compels it."

I looked at her, and believed I read one salient point in her character at once—she was a weak woman whose greatest desire was to appear strong.

"Not until I know what you are going to say to Mr. Dudley. Not until I am sure you will not insult him for having dared to speak—to me," Miss Hargreave exclaimed impetuously.

"If I were sure you had met by accident—if you were merely exchanging common courtesies, but——"

"Mother! you are insulting him now by supposing anything else possible. Oh, this never ending suspicion!" she cried, her face ablaze with passion. "You make a pretence of going to church only to return and pry upon me. You drive me to desperation, and will regret it some day. Your religion is but another name for hypocrisy, while—Oh, my God, this life is becoming unendurable!"

Then, with one piteous appealing glance at me, Miss Hargreave flung herself upon the bench, and, laying her face down on her outstretched arms, gave vent to a paroxysm of convulsive sobbing.

"My daughter has been ill—she is suffering from a attack of nerves. Do you not see, sir, that you ought to go?" cried Mrs. Hargreave, excitedly.

Of course I ought to go. There was no doubt about it! And, as I passed out, she entered.

I turned and watched her sit down beside the weeping girl. I saw her place her arms around her and draw the tear-stained face with apparent tenderness upon her breast. I saw that Mrs. Hargreave's eyes also were wet, her lips trembling, and I walked away profoundly puzzled how to reconcile the scene I had just with the tale of wrong I had only the moment before been told.

I am neither learned in phrenology nor physiognomy, but in the same degree that the finely proportioned head of Mr. Gascoigne impressed me in his favor, so, I must confess, did the weak face, but, above all, the white brows and eyelashes of Mrs. Hargreave warn me that she was not a woman to be trusted.

I left Glendale House by the last train that night, and, as it so chanced, without again seeing the doctor.

Late as it was when I arrived at Coaltown, my one thought on entering my lodgings was to devise some plan for obtaining a copy of Mr. Lester Hargreave's will. At first I had entertained the notion of running up to town, and paying a shilling at Doctor's Commons for a sight of it, but then trusting the matter to any third person. But, remembering my duty to my employers, this plan did not seem feasible; therefore, with some misgivings it must be admitted, I wrote to an old acquaintance—the son of my father's solicitor—whom I had not seen since my prospects darkened, and asked him to use his best endeavors in procuring me the fullest information.

My reasons for hesitating about applying to Charlie Hawks were these: he was inclined to be wild when I knew him; since then it had come to my knowledge that he had added unscrupulousness to dissipation. However, it was the only means that occurred to me of obtaining the desired information. I wrote the letter, and posted it myself next morning on the way to the bank.

My employers received me cordially, and expressed their satisfaction at seeing me restored to health. I took my seat on the high stool before my desk and resumed my work to all appearance as though I had never been away from it. I say advisedly "to all appearance," because in point of fact everything was changed to me. I seemed to have begun a new era in my existence. Much as I had disliked my life as a bank clerk hitherto, I regarded it now with positive loathing, and felt convinced Dr. Gascoigne was right when he asserted I was unfitted for it. Among my fellow-clerks there was not one—in all his forty years—of whom I had made a friend; and very few whose acquaintance I ever took the trouble to acknowledge out of office hours. This might be due to false pride on my part—I do not say it was not—but the want of educational refinement about them, added to their arrogant assumption of native superiority, caused me to shrink within myself instinctively; and while I found favor with the managers by my steadiness and constant attention to my duties, I knew that by the employes I was regarded with coldness and suspicion, if not with positive dislike.

Having no desire to prolong my story, it were needless to enter into any detailed account either of my life or feelings during the next few days.

It was not until Saturday morning that the impatiently expected letter from London came.

A large blue envelope lay conspicuous on the white breakfast cloth, and, had it contained a letter from the beautiful Miss Hargreave herself, I could scarcely have experienced deeper emotion than that with which I broke the seal.

Throwing to one side a note written in Charlie Hawks's hand, I spread out before me the sheet of paper on which the substance of the will had apparently been hastily jotted down. I read slowly, thoughtfully, weighing each item, and, before quite reaching the end, paused.

Was I fated to be forever recalling some chance words of Dr. Gascoigne? "You should marry an heiress, my dear boy," he had said. I smiled as I repeated the words aloud—I laughed—I broke out into a few bars of a light song. Here was the most charming girl in the world, with—now that she was of age—a country seat in Leicestershire, £30,000 in the funds, and all her father died possessed of absolutely her own with the exception of a paltry annuity not worth mentioning, left to the widow; and the last words this lovely heiress had spoken to me were: "Ask what you will, and I——" The sentence, owing to circumstances, had remained unfinished, but how easy to interpret it in the way I wished!

Is there a devil? If there be, most surely at that moment he whispered in my ear that gratitude alone should prompt her to listen favorably to my suit. Was I not now in a position to unmask the perfidy of her stepmother?

I got up and paced the room in my indignation as I thought of the poor girl's words: "I am not allowed to have even the smallest coin you would fling to the poorest beggar!" And all was hers—all hers by law.

Presently, recollecting there were still a few lines of writing on the paper, I took it up and read, with feelings more easily imagined than described, the following:

"I, Lester Hargreave, etc., etc., being of sound mind, but at the point of death, do hereby revoke all former wills. I leave everything I die possessed of to Martha Hargreave, my wife; and I appoint the said Martha Hargreave sole executrix of this my will, so that she, knowing my wishes—and having absolute control over my estate—may be enabled to carry them out to the best of her ability. To this end, so help her, God!"

This codicil bore date the 30th of December, 1878; and the names of the two witnesses were written below. Next I turned to Charlie Hawks's letter, enclosed, and read:

"Dear Jack—It's taken me some time, and been some trouble, but I've done the best I could for you. The governor drew out the will, of which I send you a rough copy. It doesn't matter though about being rough, for the will's no good. The codicil—added to the original document the day the old boy died—is legal beyond all dispute. Suppose you are nuts on the daughter? Look before you leap, old fellow, and don't forget to "ask mamma!"—Yours, CHARLIE HAWKS.

Disgusted with the writer's flippancy, I flung the effusion into the grate, ate my breakfast in considerably subdued spirits, then set off for the bank—a good half hour behind my usual time.

Saturday afternoon found me once more entering Glendale House.

Stepping into the comfortable warm office-room usually occupied by Mr. Hill, "Can I have my old quarters until Monday?" I asked of him.

"Certainly, sir; and I'm glad to see you back," was the reply. "We're terribly slack—were never more so."

"No arrivals or departures since I left?" There was an inviting-looking chair placed beside the manager's near the fire. I sat down on it.

"Departures, yes. But no arrivals since Mrs. and Miss Hargreave came."

"They are still here?" I inquired carelessly.

"And likely to remain a while, I hope. They've had the rooms finely fitted up. The country air seems suiting the young lady. They keep our carriages and our best horses fairly well worked, driving about the neighborhood. If we'd a few more visitors like them, Mr. Dudley, the place might pay."

"Does it not now?"

"How can it, sir, unless it's turned into a regular hotel, or anyhow has a wine license? There's not much to be made out of gingerade, I reckon! I don't care how full the place may be," he continued seriously, "it's impossible to make the place pay. You know for yourself, sir, how low our charges are? Well, if folks don't drink, it stand to reason they must eat, and I tell you for a fact the longer they stop here—taking long walks, and finding the benefit from the bracing air—the more they do eat, but they pay no more! Now these two ladies"—making a vague movement with hand—"they don't want the solid joint, but tasty dishes—bits of odds and ends cooked up, with a French name tacked. The wife's getting at catering for them. Hotel-living would suit them best, but I don't think they'd care much for my lady or her daughter at a swell hotel."

"Why?"

"Because, sir, they're—Blue Ribbonites."

"What?" I asked, laughing heartily at his solemnity.

"True as I'm sitting here," he said. "The old lady—she's not old, but we call her that—has got some crotchets in her head you may depend! She spoke a few words to me in here to-day, and soon showed one of them 'It's a grand cause this temperance movement, Mr. Hill,' says she, 'and houses such as yours should be better patronized than they are; but why don't you wear the badge?' I explained that to hold the position of manager here should be sufficient guarantee. With that she sighed and turned away."

I rose laughing, and looked at my watch. "I'll call in and have a word with Dr. Gascoigne on my way here."

"Pardon me, sir, but you'll not see the doctor. He went away this afternoon, and we don't expect him back till Monday."

Was I disappointed? Scarcely. Somehow, in a vague, half-defined manner, I felt that this knowledge was a relief!

CHAPTER V.

FAIRLY BEWITCHED.

An hour later—a cigarette my sole companion—I was walking up and down a gravel path, of which I felt sure a distant view could be obtained from the windows of No. 29.

I grew restless and impatient. Daylight was fading before my rose brought any desired result; but at last I saw a figure coming towards me rapidly. It was Edna Lynton. I flung away my cigarette and raised my hat as she came up.

She stood in front of me—her eyes cast down upon the path, her fingers interlaced—in the pretty, half-shy, deprecating attitude I grew so well to know. There was nothing striking about the girl, as I have said; nothing to attract attention. But she had soft, winning ways, little graciousnesses—if I may coin a term—that stole upon you unawares.

"Mrs. Hargreave sends her compliments, and will you favor her with your company between 8 and 9 o'clock, Mr. Dudley?"

And this was spoken in the low, soft voice that had once been such sweet music to my ears; but how the words jarred!

"Edna——" I cried, impulsively. I was instantly conscious of my mistake.

"I have not finished," she continued quietly, still without looking at me. Miss Hargreave also sends a message. If you have anything for her will you give it, please, to me?"

"My compliments to Mrs. Hargreave, and I regard her request as a command. This is the answer to the second message." I took, as I spoke, a sealed envelope from my pocket, but, before relinquishing it, added: "Miss Lynton, tell me—as a favor, I *entreat* you to tell me—what has brought you here in this position?"

"Best—far best to tell him," she murmured, as though parleying with herself Then she spoke out quite frankly.

"Poverty, Mr. Dudley, brought me to it. My father died with him. I thought at first of being a governess, but there are already too many governesses in the world, so I decided to be a confidential maid. I came north, hoping to be unrecognized."

"You have not changed your name?"

"Why should I? There is no shame in what I do."

"Your fortunes—or rather misfortunes—are strangely similar * * *"

"Have you been unfortunate?" she asked, with swift, warm sympathy, allowing her eyes for the first time to encounter mine.

"The day after my father's death I awoke to the fact that I was a beggar," I said, with a little bitter laugh. "I have to work for my living, that is all. You see now how my case resembles yours——"

"You, a beggar. * * * I, a servant!" She repeated the words twice, wonderingly and dreamily, and added, smiling sadly, "but strangers—strangers still."

"Certainly not strangers," I hastened to say. "On the contrary, I propose that we commence our acquaintance from to-day on a new basis—that of friendship. Let us be the best of friends."

"Impossible, Mr. Dudley."

"It is not impossible."

"Totally and utterly impossible. It is necessary that I should explain my reasons? Then you must excuse myself that any approach to friendship on your part will involve me in extricable difficulties? Even now I have been imprudent in talking with you so long. Your messages shall be delivered, sir—at once."

And with that she turned away.

Standing where she left me, I watched her until she disappeared within the house.

Poor little Edna! What a h

Recent Literature.

LITERATURE OF THE WEEK.

The Truth About Tristrem Varick—William of Germany—The Story of the Goths—International Law—The Story of the City of New York—Before the Dawn—Bonaventure—The Secret of the East—Don't—Some Pamphlets—Literary Notes.

A marked feature of many of the novels and stories which find favor among the readers of to-day is their absolutely morbid tendency, an unhealthy current of thought or sentiment running through from beginning to end. No one is moved to better living by their perusal. No one is lifted into a purer atmosphere, and there is not even the quality of restful recreation, for the imagination is kept stimulated to a degree that precludes anything but a state which is sure to be followed by reaction. The work may show genius in the author; it may be well or even finely written, but the world would be better without its morbid, unhealthy influence.

Belonging to this class is one issued by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and New York, entitled "The Truth about Tristrem Varick, by Edgar Salters. His is already known to the public by "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure," "The Anatomy of Negation," etc. The present story follows the hero, Tristem Varick, through a singular and soul-harrowing series of adventures, which might be possible, but which in any event were better untold. The style is powerful and one reads to the end unable to resist the fascination, but when finished, one wishes that it was still an unknown quantity to his consciousness. The author would do well to turn his undoubted talents in some other channel.

"William of Germany: A Succinct Biography of William I German Emperor and King of Prussia," by Archibald Forbes is a book that will be extremely welcome at this time, and full of interest both because of its subject and the author. It is made up of sixteen chapters—the first thirteen written by Mr. Forbes, and the last three by John P. Jackson, who assumed the duty owing to the ill-health of Mr. Forbes. During the French-German war Mr. Forbes was an attendant upon the emperor during his campaign through Alsace and Loraine up to the walls of Paris. Such history of a memorable period is of unusual interest, and never more so than now to a great multitude of people. The closing chapters, by Mr. Jackson, reciting the reign of peace, are too crowded with great events to be much more than suggestive to the reader. The book is handsomely printed in large, clear type, and makes up 330 pages. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

"The Story of the Goths," by Henry Bradley, is the eighteenth in the series of "The Story of the Nation," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The author is Henry Bradley who relates history from the earliest times to the end of the Gothic dominion in Spain. The field is very nearly, if not entirely, new. The volume is uniform with its predecessors in the series and can be marked as among the valuable books for the library.

In the International Scientific Series, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, comes "International Law," by Leone Levi. It is the gathering together of the leading principles of the Law of Nations to form a code, and this includes what has never appeared in such works before,—those laws resulting from treaties and conventions, which cover a broad field and determines the rights and duties, not only of states, but of subjects or citizens of the same on many important civil and commercial relations in times of peace and war.

From the same publishers comes a novel in pamphlet form entitled "One Maid's Mischief," by G. Manville Fenn, author of "The Story of Antony Grace," "Double Cunning," etc. Price 30 cents.

"The Story of the City of New York," by Charles Burr Todd, is an illustrated volume of great interest not only to those who live in the great metropolis, but every American citizen who believes in the present and future greatness of his country. The author well says that it is startling to think that in 25 years, if the present rate of increase is continued, New York, with her history of 250 years, will surpass London with a life-time of 20 centuries, and will become the capital of the world—that is, in wealth and population. Whether she become so in art, literature, morals, etc., depends upon her people. This history begins at the very earliest date of discovery of the island and follows down to the present in a most interesting, comprehensive and yet brief manner. It is nicely gotten up, and should be a welcome addition to any library. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Before the Dawn," from the same publishers, is an interesting story of Paris and the Jacquerie, by George Dulac. The reader will scarcely find a volume whose chapters are so crowded with mysteries, and villainies, and escapades, and escapes, and heroism. It is written in graceful style, and is among the best of Dulac's writings, holding the interest of the reader from beginning to end.

In the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," from the Petersons, comes "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith. This story will never grow so old as to lose its charms. While it may be called old-fashioned, it speaks so to the soul that there will always be found the most cultivated among its admirers. The present volume, like its predecessors in the series, is elegant in its print and binding.

In the pamphlets of the "Questions of the Day" is "Property in Land," which is termed further by the author, Henry Winn, "An Essay on the New Crusade." It is an answer to the leading arguments in "Progress and Poverty," and similar books. While acknowledging that our system of local taxation is unjust and oppressive to the poor, he sees no possible improvement to come from Mr. George's plan.

"Bonaventure," by George W. Cable, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, is also named "A Prose Pastoral of Acadian Louisiana." It is made up of three short stories written in the author's best style. They are "Caranero," "Grande Pointe," and "Au Large." They have served a purpose as serial magazine stories, but are fully deserving of this permanent place in the handsome volume before us, for they will bear more than one reading.

"The Secret of the East," by Felix L. Oswald, is an attempt to describe the origin of the Christian Religion and the significance of its rise and decline. While inveighing against the fatolerance of those who have made creeds and churches, he exhibits precisely the same spirit in his endeavor to show that they have not a righteous foundation. He reads Christ's teachings with his eyes closed to their true meaning and with a sword in his hand which he swings savagely right and left. While exclaiming against pessimism, which he says is characteristic of the Christian religion, he is in his views a pessimist in his consideration of all who do not think with himself. Mr. Oswold has written some excellent things, but this cannot be counted among them if the spirit and not the style is considered. It is published by The Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette Place, New York City.

"The Major's Love; or, The Sequel of a Crime," by Ella Brown Price, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brother, Philadelphia, is a love romance, the scene of which is Western Missouri, the period considerably after the Rebellion, and the theme, the love of a former Union officer for the daughter of a rebel raider whom he believes he killed during the war, but whose death popular opinion ascribes to assassination. The raider's murder stands as a bar between the lover and the beloved. This quite dramatic theme is made the most of and skillfully worked up into a plot of considerable power and excellence. There is a vein of enjoyable humor pervading the novel principally sustained by Little Elf, a bright and precocious child, though some mirthful incidents are contributed by an aged negro, Uncle Lem, and Tom, a colored boy.

Frederic A. Stokes & Brothers, New York, publish in the "Lives of the Presidents" those of William Henry Harrison, John Tyler and James Knox Polk, by William O. Stoddard, Who has already given those of many others, including George Washington and Ulysses S. Grant. Mr. Stoddard's style is too well known to need commendation in this connection. The volume is in clear type and prettily bound, like the rest of the series.

The little volume entitled "Don't," by Censor, which has had such a wonderful success, is now published in a pocket form, or as it is termed, a boudoir edition, by D. Appleton & Co., New York. It contains directions for avoiding improprieties in conduct and common errors of speech.

Literary Notes.

The demand for Moran's Libby prison sketch has exhausted the March edition of the *Century*.

M. Taine is in very bad health, and it is feared that some of his most important literary work will be left unfinished.

Mme. Adelina Patti is said to be preparing her autobiography for early publication in London and Paris.

Frank Stockton is small, dark, thin and shy. He looks the ideal sad-eyed poet. But appearances are deceptive.

It is reported that the late Mrs. Proctor's pet aversion was the pedant philosopher, Godwin.

Over sixty works have been published on Volapük. Among monthly magazines devoted to it is one published at Puerto Rico.

Mr. Sanborn says of the late Mr. Alcott that with a single exception (not Mr. Emerson) he read more constantly and widely than any of the Concord authors.

Cassell & Co. are about to publish a little book entitled, "The Irish Union; Before and After," by A. E. Connell, who has written books on India and pamphlets on political subjects.

Lee & Shepard publish a new edition of "The Flower People," by Mrs. Horace Mann, with numerous illustrations. Nothing could be better for imparting a primary knowledge of flowers. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

A. C. McClurg & Co. will issue shortly a novel by Miss Winnie L. Taylor, entitled, "His Broken Sword." It is dedicated to Edward Everett Hale, who is said to have read it and given it "almost unqualified approval."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore's book, "My Story of the War; A Woman's Narrative of Four Years' Personal Experience in the Sanitary Service of the Rebellion," is in the press of A. D. Worthington, Hartford. The volume is said to be full of anecdotes.

The April *St. Nicholas* is made noteworthy by Miss Alcott's beautiful story, "Trudel's Siege." Trudel, a brave and blithe little Dutch girl, resists a siege of sickness and poverty by patient and loving work. The story is choice and lifting enough to leaven a poorer magazine.

A new story by Amelia E. Barr, entitled "Master of his Fate," is to come from Dood, Mead & Co. The same firm announce the immediate publication of a library edition of twelve volumes of the works of Besant and Rice, leading off with "Golden Butterfly."

The late Lord Lyons left a series of diaries giving striking incidents of his long diplomatic career. The passages relating to his Washington experiences during the war of the rebellion are said (by *Truth*, London) to possess extraordinary interest. They will no doubt be published.

Outing for April begins its twelfth volume and as an initial effort of the new management is promising. It contains an interesting description of soldier life, a good western story by Henry F. Keenan, and a liberal amount of articles and items of interest to sportsmen. It is generously illustrated.

Each of the ten children, as well as the widow, of the late A. S. Barnes, of Brooklyn, the school-book publisher, receives $50,000 by the terms of the will. Five brothers and sisters, nine nieces and thirty grandchildren receive $1,000 each. The charitable bequests amount to $50,000, to be divided among various institutions.

The April *Lippincott's* contains answers of 26 American novelists to the question: Is it necessary for an author to be moved himself in order excite emotion in others? Among the sixteen who answered "yes" are E. E. Hale, Sidney Luska, G. P. Lathrop, Mrs. Bennett, Cable, Aldrich, Mark Twain, Maurice Thompson, and Miss Woolson. Six reply in the negative, including Bishop Brighton and Frank R. Stockton. Miss Woolson cites George Eliot's killing of Tito "in great excitement" and Tourguenef's loss of sleep and health through sympathy with one of his characters. Says Maurice Thompson: "As God loves man, so must the genius love his own handiwork, putting into it the secret of his own being and making it immortal with his own immortality.

A Horse who Can Talk!

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph and the telephone have been a hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption would have been looked upon as miraculous, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease *is not* incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time. This world-renowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when all other means have failed. Thousands can gratefully testify to this. All druggists.

Between Two Impulses.

A most amusing incident was told last week by a lady of Marlboro street. Her little brother had deeply offended his twin sister, aged about 4 years, and the elder sister thought she could bring about a reconciliation. So she said to the young brother:

"Harry, do you know that you have made sister Mary very unhappy?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Are you sorry you offended her?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you go to her and tell her you are sorry, and ask her to forgive you, I think both of you will feel much happier. Will you do it?"

"Yes, I will," was the reply.

Soon after she saw Mary and asked: "Did Harry tell you he was sorry he offended you?"

"Yes," answered the little midget, straightening herself.

"Did he ask you to forgive him?"

"Yes," drawing herself up still more.

"Well, did you tell him you would?"

"Yes, I did, same time my stomach jes' tensed me to slap that boy!" was the emphatic reply.—*Boston Courier.*

A Distinguished Clergyman's Testimony.

Rev. R. M. Pickens, President of the Methodist Protestant Church of South Carolina, writes from Greenville:

"About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic rheumatism, accompanied with erysipelas. My appetite failed me entirely, and I had an intermitting pulse and very irregular pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders, and I became so helpless that I could attend to no business at all. The pains were movable, and would sometimes pass from one part of my body to another. Finally the erysipelas broke out on my left hand and arm, and produced much swelling, and I was for eighteen months afflicted in this way, and of course used a great many kinds of medicines, but nothing gave me relief. Friends finally persuaded me to try Swift's Specific. I noticed a decided improvement while taking the first bottle. I continued its use until I had taken about one dozen bottles, when I found myself sound and well again, with no sign of disease left except a stiffness in my hand, a result of the erysipelas. While taking the medicine I gained on an average two pounds of flesh per week. I thing S. S. S. a valuable medicine, and I frequently recommend it to my friends."

Write to the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga., for a Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free to anyone."

Proud of a Patch.

A poor boy was attending school one day with a large patch on one knee of his trousers. One of his schoolmates made fun of him for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys. "I'd give it to him if he called me so."

"O," said the boy, "you don't suppose I am ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of the patch for her sake."

That boy had the courage that would make him successful in the struggles of life. We must have courage if we wish to come out right.—*The Working Boy.*

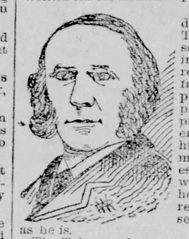
When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

TALMAGE IN HIS HOME

GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT PREACHER IN PRIVATE LIFE.

His Brooklyn Home—The Room Where He Works—The Pastor's Daily Life and Habits—Love of Out-Door Exercise—His Staying Powers as a Pedestrian—Some Characteristics—His Manners of Dress—Talmage Shaving Himself—Restless as a Child—Income and Expenses—Salary and Lecture Profits—Some Humorous Anecdotes as Told by an Intimate Friend.

Written for the BLADE. Copyrighted, 1888.



To know and understand T. DeWitt Talmage one must see and meet him in his home, surrounded by his family. In the pulpit or on the lecture platform he is the preacher or speaker, conscious that his words are transmitted to the farthest ends of the world, but when at home he is without restraint, and you see only the man as he is.

The Talmage house is located in one of the most desirable and fashionable parts of Brooklyn—a large, four-story brown-stone front, with a cupola that is often the resort of the famous pastor. The parlors and other rooms are luxuriously furnished, costly bric-a-brac and souvenirs of foreign travel filling every conceivable spot on mantel, floor, and tables. Two large drawing-rooms occupy the first story, and in the rear room casual visitors are admitted. A bust of the preacher accosts you as you enter, and directly opposite this is a large crayon throwing forth the face presented above, so familiar to thousands in every part of the land. The sitting-room, where Dr. Talmage often spends a quiet hour with his family, is in the rear of the second story. This is practically Mrs. Talmage's room, which she uses almost continually.

THE PREACHER'S STUDY.

The most interesting room, however, is the preacher's study, where all his literary work is done, and where the sermons that are printed all over world find their birth. It is a comfortably-sized apartment—the rear room on the fourth story of the house. An ordinary office-desk, a sofa, considerably worn, a dictionary-stand, and three chairs, constitute the furniture of the room. With Talmage this is a sacred room, and rarely does he allow any one to enter it. Not even the servants are expected to cross its threshold, and such dusting as is necessary is done with a feather duster in the hands of the preacher's wife. Library shelves are ranged on each side of the room, and between them are hung a few showy array of books that are arranged on these shelves; ancient-looking works often handled predominate, and, in every sense, is it a library for use, and one that is doubtless frequently referred to. Talmage's library consists, probably, of between a two and three thousand volumes. His favorite author is Shakespeare, he has probably read twice and three times over everything the great English critic has written.

On the chairs, and in the corners of the room are piles of newspapers and printed pamphlets. On one chair is a heap of manuscript, sermons, and lectures—not remarkable for their appearance, for the great preacher is not great as a penman. The room has three windows, the one on the side of the house looking out upon a beautiful park, being the favorite one, at which the pastor often sits and reads. An ink-stand that looks as if it would fall apart were it not bound by its surface removed, scraps of paper, a few ink-spattered pen-holders, small pieces of blotting-paper, rest on the desk, while banked up on either side are mountains of letters and papers. Books of reference lie on open drawers and on the floor. Every drawer is stuffed full with papers, as if they were packed in hurriedly, but in his chair chaos every paper has its place. Tidiness does not prevail; everything is placed where its owner can readily find it. It is, withal, a typical literary den, characteristic of the occupant.

DAILY LIFE AND HABITS.

Four days of the week the great preacher is away from home on lecturing tours or professional duties. When at home he is an early riser, and is generally the first astir. Six o'clock generally finds Dr. Talmage around and about. He goes directly downstairs and glances over the morning newspapers. He scans over the principal headings, reading what is most eventful, and skips all minor news. The cable dispatches are always read first, editorials next, and then domestic news. If interesting, the financial articles are read. Talmage is a hearty eater, but his breakfast is light, and generally consists of some farinaceous dish, milk, toast and fruit. Tea and coffee he strictly avoids. After breakfast he goes through his mail. More often, however, this is looked over by Mrs. Talmage, and such letters as she thinks will interest him, are handed to him. Meanwhile the preacher goes through his newspaper mail. The principal papers of every city are sent him, and the first morning mail generally brings 50 or more. In these he finds keen interest, and no public man is better informed of the names and character of the newspapers all over the country than Dr. Talmage. Every paper received during the first days of the week has his printed sermon. The preacher has grown accustomed to newspaper criticism, yet he reads all articles that concern him or his work with care and attention. Caricature of himself amuses him, and a hearty laugh greets each as he meets them in the papers. He is rarely offended, and he harbors not the slightest ill-feeling toward paragraphers who continually poke fun at him. "That fellow has written some very witty things about my mouth," he exclaimed one morning to me as he encountered a paragraphic shaft on the "largeness of Talmage's mouth." "He really clever at it," said the preacher, and the thought of offence apparently never entered his mind. Part of the morning is taken up with his correspondence, and then the famous pastor goes forth either for a walk or on business matters, often not to return until late at night.

He is a great believer in

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE,

and his powers as a pedestrian are remarkable. He thinks nothing, for example, of walking from the Grand Central depot to the Brooklyn bridge, across the bridge, and to his house—a distance of some eight or nine miles. "Let us go for a short walk," was his proposition to me one sultry summer evening, when he was staying over a day in town. Ignorant as to what it requires the constant eye of his careful wife to see that his exterior appearance is at all presentable. He cares absolutely nothing for his outward looks, and would wear the same collar for two weeks if he could not find a clean one after a moment's search. His cravats are models of economy, and only a short time ago I encountered him on a New York thoroughfare purchasing two black bows from a street vender.

"That hat has seen wear," said a friend to him one day while out walking. "Do you think I need a new one?" he asked, taking it off and examining it. "Well, let us step in this store," as he spied a hatter's. In a moment he had tried one on, paid for it, and was out of the store, leaving his old one in the hands of the dealer, who evidently thought him the easiest customer he ever had. As a tonsorial artist, Talmage is ludicrous. I watched him in his room one day with his razor. He had allowed himself but five minutes for shaving. In a twinkling he had his coat off, and a towel stuck between his collar and throat. I afterward examined his razor, and did not wonder he succeeded only in removing a quarter of the growth of hair on his face. It was so dull that I could scarcely determine which edge was intended for use. After searching for a moment for his strop, and not finding it, he reached for a book in his library, bound in sheep, and, to my astonishment, sharpened his razor on the cover of the volume. My laughter surprised him, and as I passed it over, I presume to this day he cannot imagine what provoked my merriment. Nothing was ever done more naturally or in a more matter-of-fact way.

RESTLESS AS A CHILD.

It would be difficult to find a man more restless in nature than the famous Brooklyn preacher. He can scarcely remain quiet or in one position for a moment. Of a thoroughly active mind that knows no rest, the man must be kept busy or he is unhappy. He is happiest when "on the go," with his hands full of work, and his brain full of ideas. In this respect he is not very companionable. Finding ourselves at Manhattan Beach one evening two summers ago, I suggested going in the music amphitheater where Gilmore was playing. He acquiesced, but only one piece had been finished when he rose and proposed going out. Upon reaching the hotel piazza, and being somewhat early for the next train, he seated himself at the first convenient table, and began ordering a complete repast. We had hardly begun when an unfortunate railroad official ended our "Auld Lang Syne" for Brooklyn." Talmage acted as if he were shot, seized his light overcoat and walking-stick with one hand, and throwing a bill of large denomination on the table, rushed for the gates. I hastily followed, nearly choking with my mouth full of food. Reaching the train he threw himself into a parlor-chair, and breathlessly exclaimed something about "nearly missing the last train." I discovered afterward he had understood it to be the last train for Brooklyn, when it was scarcely 9 o'clock, and at least a score more trains would leave the beach that evening. He will frequently stop the street car in which he is riding and walk to his destination because of the slowness of the horses' gait.

INCOME AND EXPENSES.

Talmage's income is large, and he has probably turned his reputation into larger substantial gain than any public man of the day. His salary as pastor of the Tabernacle is twelve thousand dollars per year, while his lecturing receipts are fully twice that amount. As he is the most popular lecturer in the country, his services are everywhere sought, and he can afford to ask high prices. For the exclusive control of his sermons, in advance of the regular publication as reported upon their delivery, he receives some $10,000 a year, which amount nearly as large as his salary. As editor of a popular monthly he receives five thousand dollars, while his marriage fees run as high as two hundred and fifty dollars for a single ceremony. His Friday evening lectures are also syndicated to a large number of papers, and for this he gets a large stipend. Finally, he also has probably read twice and three times over everything the great English critic has written.

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—There can be no death without a cause. Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy will prevent and cure the many disorders called Consumption.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It has recently been suggested that children be allowed the privilege of naming themselves. They may easily be distinguished by some convenient generic term until they are old enough to have a choice in the matter, when their own taste and imagination may be exercised. There are people in the world who keep their Christian name a dead secret, either from its absurdity or an intense dislike which it may have called forth. Could they have chosen for themselves there might not have been cause for concealment. The Cromwellian style of using whole theological phrases has long since been banished into the past though in the stern old reformer's day such cognomens as "Through much tribulation we enter into the kingdom of Heaven," was no rare infliction upon a helpless infant. Bible names were for a long time in high favor and have not even now passed out of date. There is no sweeter sounding appellation than Mary but how often it is *frivolized* into Mamie, Mollie or Minnie.

The custom which prevailed two generations back of naming a child after one of the virtues gave our aunts and grandmothers such sneek sounding titles as Faith, Hope, Patience or Purity, and how often they must have galled the spirit of a "high-strung" maiden. Many fond mothers follow in the footsteps of the immortal Mrs. Kenwig when she composed the cognomen of her Moleena, and give to their children names which are ever after a drag by their weight of unfitness. One lady, a sufferer from an attempt at originality, carries about the burdensome appellation of Garaphelia Mohalba, which was dropped from Harry for everyday use. One small boy was named Idiosyncracy, called for short Iddy. He was the first child of proud and doting parents, who chose the name because no one else possessed it. Imagine the agony of that boy when he arrives at his blood's estate. After all, there is a great deal in a name, even though a rose would smell as sweet if called anything else. If the children are not to have a voice in the matter, let the choice be made wisely and well, and so preclude all chance of change or dissatisfaction when the child reaches the age of discretion.

The gentle spring time does not seem to bring unadulterated happiness to *Puck's* contributors. One of them gives vent to his feelings in the following way, and many will have his heart attuned to sympathy with the writer:

It's springy enough to waken
A song in the poet's soul,
But with many enough to make him
Tune up for a ton of coal.

About these changeable seasons
We know not anything—
It may be winter or summer—
It may be autumn or spring.

The season's are mixed together
In such a way as they fly,
We'll be sun-struck in December,
And frozen stiff in July.

Here is another from some sad heart tired of waiting for the beautiful spring he reads of when the world rejoices at its awaking:

I diligently searched the shrubs and trees,
Whose branches have moved in the chilly breeze,
And stooping low, the earth I close surveyed,
But found no budding leaf nor springing blade.

I sadly rose and slowly walked away;
But soon my somber thoughts grew blithe and gay,
For I beheld—a dead sure sign of spring—
Four wrangling boys with marbles in a ring.

Toledo has seen that sign for two weeks past, but then, this is not a land of blizzards.

It is admitted that excessive eating of unwholesome dainties sooner or later impairs the digestion and insures bodily discomfort. In some such way incessant novel reading affects the brain and unfits it for real work and the retaining of things worth remembering. In these days of cheap literature the reader can obtain an unlimited supply, good, bad and indifferent. For twenty cents two or three hundred pages containing the old story of love and hope, misery and despair, can be purchased, and the paper-covered novels temptingly displayed in shop windows prove a snare to the majority of man and woman. It is much easier to fall into a nipped-for-time novel-reading craze upon one and is like an insatiable monster that cries for more. Cut off in the bloom of its youth no harm is done, but pampered and indulged, the number of yellow covers it devours is alarming. An occasional novel judiciously applied gives added zest to the simple duties of life and renders solid reading more easy of comprehension. But moderation should be as strictly observed in reading as in all other pursuits. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but the other side of the argument is even more disastrous in its results.

The present generation is very apt to plume itself upon its great literary fertility, the number of books published being largely increased each year, to say nothing of the multiplicity of magazines and papers. The quantity, it is true, would seem to prove that many more people were turning their attention to literature, but what of the quality of the production? This is what a *Philadelphia Magazine* says, and though it is somewhat severe, it might be well to think it over and see if there is not somewhat of truth in it, and we less cause for self-congratulation:

It may sound paradoxical to reproach a generation, at whose astounding fertility of production we have been wondering, with indolence, yet so it is. If we consider their work we shall see that, beyond the mere physical exertion of driving the pen over the paper, the proportion of labor involved in it is very small. Consider, for example, the sort of novel which one of their most industrious fabricators sells annually. There is the only sort tolerable now. What intellectual toil can have gone to their making? They tell no story, they solve no plot, action they have none, their characters are not new, nor their incidents, if they have any. So far as they are anything at all beyond the so many pounds avoirdupois of printed matter, they are simply reproductions of commonplace transactions and chatter of every-day life around us. Now, though the disciples and admirers of the famous school of realism may stare at our audacity, we make bold to affirm that there is nothing in the world easier than this sort of writing.

There are almost as many religious sects in existence as there are languges in which their precepts are taught. Both good and ill are done in the name of religion and what is crime in the eyes of one belief may be looked upon as a holy sacrament by another. Rising to less than 15,000,000 of devout followers of insane and cranky notions of Christianity and despite the efforts of the authorities new sects are constantly springing up. One of these sects is called the "Runaways." They fly from village to village having no home or resting place, living like savages and destroying their identity as much as possible. Civilization is looked upon as a curse to humanity and one of their most sacred duties is to rob churches. Another set calling themselves "Skoptsys" believe in self mutilations. They are accomplished contortionists and dancers and would give a shaving card to any circus. There are also those missionaries who go about preaching in favor of murder and suicide as an absolute necessity in order to secure salvation. One of the leaders of this gang was arrested for murder some time ago, but managed to escape, and soon appeared in a village where he preached his doctrines with so much effect that several of his followers cut each other's throats, and others shut themselves in their houses and burned themselves to death. The Russian peasantry are in such a lamentable state of ignorance and degradation that it is through such horrors and superstitions they are easily led into a misguided belief. Ignorance is the cause of so much evil, and until learning and intelligence are diffused throughout the length and breadth of this broad earth, superstition will run rife and countless horrors will be committed in the name of religion.

—That tired feeling and loss of appetite are entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine. Try it and see.

No Help for the Ignorant.

Young men who know how to sew on buttons and mend their own clothing are said to be receiving the most marriage proposals this leap year.

RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Good men and women wanted to take orders for ENLARGED PORTRAITS. Write at once for terms. You can make it pay right at home. If you send 2 cents in stamps, to pay postage, and we will send you, FREE, full particulars, and a nice sample of our NONPAREIL PORTRAIT, providing you agree to return it in case you do not take the agency for our work. Address

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The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

"MY OLD CANTEEN."

G. L. WILSON.

With the scene, "All Quiet on the Potomac," and roses and forget-me-nots, a souvenir painted by Mrs. Lora B. Wilson-Rogers, upon the old canteen carried through three years' active service in Co. B, 20th Ia. Inf. Vol., by her father, L. L. Wilson. Com. Dennison post, 244, Pres. 20th Ia. Association and Aid-de-Camp on National staff, G. A. R.

"All quiet on the Potomac?"—'tis true—
When the taps are heard, I mean,
While, wedded to red and white and blue,
Their lives as loyal a one as you,
While a cooling drink may nerve a blade,
My peaceful old friend, Canteen.

You are fairer than in the 60's, friend,
My once smoke-clad Canteen;
For a hand of love has put an end
To your rusty cont, and made amend
In a fair Potomac'scene.

"All quiet on the Potomac?"—ah, well!
Is Washington city seen?
What soldiers are there to-day to tell
Of the cause for which our comrades fell?
Pray tell me, my good Canteen!

"All quiet on the Potomac," they say,
My friend, my old Canteen;
The sentry is not in the scene to-day;
His echoing tread has passed away
As the years that intervene.

We go into camp with the setting sun,
And the camp fires now are seen;
Where waters of life more plenteous run
Than water from your fair fount has done,
And we part then, revered Canteen.

But forget-me-nots everlasting grow,
Of remembrance fadeless fair,
Where the roses planted aright below
Eternally bloom in the sacred glow
Of the love that shines up there.

THE FIRST VOLUNTEER SOLDIER.

Was It King or Bush—Different Opinions from Three Sources—Bring in Your Proof.

There has been much discussion among the old soldiers as to who was the first volunteer in the late rebellion. Sometime ago the BLADE published an article from a Minneapolis paper, claiming that honor for Josiah R. King, who enlisted on the evening of April 15, in the St. Paul Pioneer Guard.

The New York *World's* Lockport, N. Y., correspondent has found a man, however, who, it is claimed, enlisted earlier than King, as the following shows:

Capt. William Wirt Bush, of the 28th New York Vol., and the first volunteer to enlist in the late war, died here this morning, in a hut in an alley of the city, surrounded by his family, and having none of the comforts of life. His career, before, during the war and since has been one of strange adventure.

Bush was born here August 31, 1822. Before the war he was arrested for killing a canal-boat captain named Frost. A driver of the boat assaulted Bush's brother Stephen, and the captain of the boat went to the assistance of his driver, when Bush struck him with a billet of wood, inflicting injuries from which he died a few days after at Rochester. Bush was tried for murder, but was acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

At the time of the war he was running a saloon in this city. When the call for troops was telegraphed from Washington he had his papers all drawn and enlisted on April 15, 1861—the first volunteer in the regular army. He formed a company of his own and enrolled under the Twenty-eighth Regiment, which left here May 23 for camp at Elmira, N. Y. His army record is a brilliant one and has been referred to by his superiors in various commands.

Lieut Gen. Phil Sheridan writes: "Capt. Bush was a good and faithful soldier."

Similar to this were the personal testimonials from Gen. Slocum, Gen. Howard, Gen. Williams and Gen. Shields, which was also organized at the same place. He was twice court-martialed, but both times was honorably acquitted.

Gen. Prince, U. S. A., writes: "I was a prisoner of war at Libby Prison with Capt. Bush. He rendered me much service by caring for the sick and looking after the interest of his fellow-prisoners, and during a light-hearted time of the prisoners on board the transport, at Fortress Monroe, Capt. Bush parted the combatants at my order, and restored peace and good conduct."

Capt. Bush was court-martialed for this through spite, but was cleared of the charge by this letter. Capt. Bush was twice elected president of the Twelfth State Convention of the Army of the Potomac. The soldiers and sailors of the different states presented the captain with a magnificent gold badge for being the first enrolled man. He was also presented with a gold-headed cane made from a piece of Commodore Perry's flagship for assisting a militia company in the riots at Buffalo in 1871.

An incident in his career happened in May, 1885. He with others participated in the excursion of the Twenty-eighth to Staunton, Va. While here it so happened that he was the guest of a prominent ex-Confederate family who lived within a stone's throw of the building where he was a prisoner during the war. From the really elegant rooms given him by the hospitable entertainers the captain could almost see into the apartments where the Confederates held him in durance vile during the war. It was to Staunton that the captain was brought a prisoner.

Of late years he has been failing in health, brought on by disease contracted in Libby prison. Those so preyed upon his mind that he became at times slightly insane. His wife and children have not lived with him. His son, W. W. Bush, jr., was a cadet on the United States steamship Yantic until last June last, when he resigned to return to look after his father. There are two daughters, one of whom married the son of old Mose Case, the minstrel, and the other is still a young girl. These, with a brother, are all the family surviving. Bush will be buried from the Congregational church here on Thursday with military and civic honors. All the G. A. R. posts of this part of the state will attend. Gen. Rogers, of Buffalo, an old friend of the captain, will also be present."

But according to the Trego County (Kan.) *Republican* neither of these men can claim the honor. It says:

An item from the Minneapolis *Journal*, copied in the Toledo BLADE of last week, claims for Col. Josiah R. King, a business man of St. Paul, the distinction of being the first union volunteer soldier in the late rebellion. He enlisted April 14, 1861. Without wishing to detract an iota from the laurels of any soldier, the *Republican* desires to call the attention of these papers to a Trego county soldier who can show three days earlier service as a volunteer soldier than Col. King. A company of district militia was organized in Washington in the fall of 1860 in opposition to the cry that Lincoln should not be inaugurated as President. In the spring of 1861 this company was merged into Co. F, 7th Battallion, D. C. vol. At 4 o'clock on April 11, 1861, John W. Burns enlisted as a private in said company. The company was mustered in front of the war department, in the presence of President Lincoln, who walked up and shook hands with each member of the company. Mr. Burns is, therefore, three days earlier as a volunteer than Mr. King. Mr. Burns was then a strippling boy of 16 (19) years, and served his country with credit. He is now a prosperous farmer of this county, honored and respected by his fellow men."

We shall be glad to hear from old soldiers on this much disputed question.

Faith in Robert Lincoln.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Seeing a communication in the BLADE from John W. Cross, Co. F, 93d Ind. Inft. Regt., in which he spoke of the Guntown massacre, and also of the 114th Ill., I thought I would add a chip. My husband was a member of that regiment, Co. I. He was in the Gunptown fight, and says he well remembers when he reached Ripley how tired he was. He marched till his feet were blistered and worn out. He was not taken prisoner, nor was he the 114th man who gave out with you and stopped at that house. He says he well remembers the 93d Ind., but was forgotten any of their names. This is only twice that I have seen the 114th Ill. mentioned in the CAMP FIRE. Bless the dear old BLADE for giving the veterans and their families liberty

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given, in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Qualification of Voters.

A. B. George, Springfield, Mo.:

[Your question is one which the BUREAU will answer to a fuller extent than you ask; for the reason that the matter contained therein is of much interest just before an election.]

What are the qualifications of voters in New York, New Jersey, and Rhode Island?

In all states your age must be 21. Alabama—Must be a citizen, or declared your intention of being such; must have lived one year in the state, three months in the county, and one month in the precinct; registration may be regulated by the legislature; idiots and Indians convicted of crime excluded from voting.

Arkansas—Citizen or declared intention; must have lived one year in the state, six months in the county, and one month in the precinct; registration prohibited as a bar to suffrage; idiots and Indians convicted of crime excluded.

California—Actual citizens; lived in the state one year, county 90 days, precinct 30 days; registration required by law; idiots, Indians, convicts and Chinese excluded.

Colorado—Citizen or declared; lived in the state six months; registration required by the state constitution; persons in prison excluded from voting.

Connecticut—Actual citizens; lived in the state one year, in county and precinct six months; registration required by law; those unable to read and convicts excluded.

Delaware—Actual county taxpayers; lived in state seven years, in county one month; no registration required; idiots, insane, paupers and criminals excluded.

Florida—Citizen or declared; lived in state one year, in county six months; registration required by the constitution; idiots, insane, criminals, betters on elections, and duellists excluded.

Georgia—Actual citizens; lived in state one year, in county six months; legislature may regulate registration; idiots, insane, criminals and non-taxpayers excluded.

Illinois—Actual citizens; lived in state one year, in county 90 days, in precinct 30 days; registration required by law; convicts excluded.

Indiana—Citizens or declared; lived in state six months, in county 60 days, in precinct 30 days; no registration law; fraudulent voters and bribers excluded.

Iowa—Actual citizen; lived in state six months, in county 60 days; registration required by law; insane and criminals excluded.

Kansas—Citizens or declared; lived in state six months, in precinct 30 days; registration required in cities only; idiots, insane, convicts and rebels excluded.

Kentucky—Free white male citizens; lived in state 2 years, in county one year, in precinct 60 days; no registration required; bribers, robbers and forgers excluded.

Louisiana—Citizen or declared; lived in state one year, in county 6 months, in precinct 30 days; legislature may regulate registration; idiots, insane and paupers excluded.

Maine—Actual citizens; lived in state three months; registration required by constitution; paupers and Indians not taxed excluded.

Massachusetts—Citizens; lived in state one year, in precinct six months; registration required by law; paupers, persons under guardians, non-taxpayers and men unable to read and write excluded.

Michigan—Citizens or declared, lived in state three months, in precinct 10 days; registration required by law; duellists excluded.

Minnesota—Citizens or declared; lived in state four months, in precinct 10 days; registration required by law; idiots, insane and convicts excluded.

Missouri—Citizen or declared; lived in state one year, in county 60 days; registration required by constitution; idiots only; inmates of asylums, poorhouses and prisons, and the United States army excluded.

Nebraska—Citizen or declared; lived in state six months, registration required by law; idiots, convicts and United States army excluded.

Nevada—Citizens or declared; lived in state six months, in county 20 days; registration required by constitution; idiots, insane and convicts excluded.

New Hampshire—Actual citizens; lived in town six months; registration required by law; paupers excluded.

New Jersey—Actual citizens; lived in state one year, in county five months; registration required in cities of 10,000; paupers, idiots, insane and convicts excluded.

New York—Actual citizens; lived in state one year, in county four months, in precinct 30 days; registration required in cities of 10,000; election betters or bribers, and convicts excluded.

North Carolina—Actual citizens; lived in state twelve months, in county 90 days; registration required by constitution; convicts excluded.

Ohio—Actual citizens; lived in state one year; registration required in Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo and Cincinnati; idiots and insane excluded.

Oregon—Citizens or declared; lived in state six months; no registration required; idiots, insane, convicts, U. S. army and Chinese excluded.

Pennsylvania—Actual citizen; lived in state one year, in precinct two months; registration required by constitution; non-taxpayers and political bribers excluded.

Rhode Island—Actual tax-paying citizens; lived in state one year, in township six months; registration required by law; persons owning property to the valuation of $134. The legislation adopted a resolution submitting to the vote of the people the question of removing the property restriction above mentioned, and it failed to carry.

South Carolina—Actual citizens; lived in state one year, in county 60 days; registration required by constitution; insane, inmates of asylums, almshouses, and prisons, U. S. Army, duellists excluded.

Tennessee—Actual citizens; lived in state twelve months, in county six months; no registration required; non-payers of poll-tax excluded.

Texas—Citizen or declared; lived in state one year, in county six months, in precinct six months; registration prohibited by constitution; lunatics, idiots, paupers, convicts, U. S. Army excluded.

Vermont—Actual citizens; lived in state one year; registration required by law; bribers excluded.

Virginia—Actual citizens; lived in state 12 months, in township 3 month; registration required by law; lunatics, idiots, convicts, U. S. army, duellests excluded.

West Virginia—Actual citizens; lived in state one year, in county 60 days; registration prohibited by constitution; lunatics, paupers and convicts excluded.

Wisconsin—Citizen or declared; lived in state one year; registration required by law; insane, idiots, convicts, bribers, betters, duellists excluded. All the states limit suffrage to male citizens, but in Colorado, Massachusetts and some other states women may vote at school district elections.

Gambrinus.

I. K., Manchport, Ind.:

Tell us someting about Gambrinus. Who was he and what did he do?

Gambrinus is usually represented as a portly, ruddy dignified personage, with a long gray beard, a crown on his head, the regal ermine on his shoulders, and a foaming tankard in his hand. Though there is no doubt that the Egyptians and Greeks were acquainted with the method of brewing beer before it was known in Germany, the early Germans have always been claimed by their descendants as the first inventors of this beverage, and it is known that the Romans learned of them. John Fiske, in his book, "Myths and Myth-makers," gives one form of the Gambrinus fable. According to this, Gambrinus was a poor fiddler, who sold his soul to the devil on the promise of unlimited wealth. Satan taught him to make chiming bells and lager beer. The Emperor of Rome, on the first trial of this delectable beverage, made its inventor Duke of Brabant and Count of Flanders. According to contract Gambrinus was to enjoy his great wealth for thirty years. At the end of that time Satan sent a messenger for him, but he made the messenger drink and so escaped, and lived on comfortably for a couple of centuries more. But this story is found, on investition, to have been a pure invention of a French writer of the latter part of the eighteenth century. The old fellow, as a myth of folklore, however, is always a King of Brabant and Flanders. He flourished at some remote period, and was the first to brew beer. A tradition of medieval times made him one of the very ancient German kings of the seventh in descent from Noah, who flourished about 1730 B. C. The story of Gambrinus, the inventor of beer, is also found in the legends of Denmark and Iceland, and in fact in all myths, if closely examined, will be found to be inventions framed to fit a particular purpose. An explanation of this myth makes the name a corruption of Jean Primus (John the First), Duke of Brabant. This nobleman, who was born in 1251, and died in 1294, was a generous patron of the arts, and was made an honorary member of the guild of brewers in Russia. In their place of meeting they had his portrait suspended, showing this duke in his official robes bearing a tankard of beer in his hand. In the course of time the memory of the liberal duke perished, and later generations regarded his portrait as designed to represent a mythical inventor of beer, and therefore framed the legend to fitly describe him.

John Ziska.

J. S., Waukegan, Ill.:

Please give a brief sketch of the life of John Ziska.

It is said that the real name of this renowned leader in the religious wars of Europe was John Trocsnow, but he acquired the name of Ziska (meaning one-eyed) from the loss of an eye in battle. He was born in Bohemia about 1380, was of one of the noblest families in the country, and was brought up in the court and camp of the Emperor. He volunteered to aid the Teutonic knights in the war against the Poles, and was at the battle of Tannenberg, where the knights sustained a terrible defeat, July 15, 1410. He also served against the Turks in Hungary, Trocsnow, in Bohemia, about 1380, was of one then entered the English army, and took a valiant part in the battle of Agincourt in 1415, after which he returned to the Bohemian court. Like the greater number of his fellow countrymen, he had embraced the tenets taught by John Huss, and he shared fully the indignant feling which the execution of Huss had excited throughout Bohemia. The intense bitterness between the Hussites and the Roman Catholics soon gave rise to riots and disturbances. In the midst of these the feeble Bohemian king, Wenceslas, who had been friendly to the Hussites, died, and his brother, Sigismund, the Emperor of Germany and next heir to the Bohemian throne, endeavored to repress the new religion by stringent laws. The Bohemians, therefore, resolved upon open revolt. They elected John Ziska their general, and in a few months he had raised and disciplined a powerful army and organized a war of independence throughout Bohemia. The Emperor invaded the country, but Ziska attacked and defeated him on a hill near Prague, July 11, 1420. This place is still called Ziska's Hill. A negotiation and temporary peace followed, but the war broke out again with redoubled violence, each side being exasperated against the other by religious fanaticism, and by thirst for retaliation for deeds of atrocious cruelty. Ziska was everywhere victorious. He invaded Austria and Hungary, and at the siege of the castle of Raab he lost the sight of his remaining eye by an arrow wound. This, however, did not interfere with his activity or his generalship. He was carried in a car at the head of his army, and through his knowledge of the country, and the descriptions given by his officers, continued to give orders for the movement of the army. His repeated victories at last convinced Sigismund that it was impossible to reduce Bohemia, and the Emperor therefore made proposals of peace to the blind general, offering full religious liberty to the Hussites, and the post of Governor of Bohemia to Ziska, with numerous privileges. Before negotiations were completed, however, Ziska was taken ill of the plague, and died October 11, 1425. This hero was victor in over 100 engagements, and won thirteen pitched battles. He had but one reverse, and even in this contested his retreat so skillfully as to give it the effect of a victory. The great stain upon Ziska's character was his cruelty. He regarded himself as an instrument chosen by the Lord to visit his wrath upon the unclean, and as in his zeal he asked no mercy, he gave none to his enemies. His line of march could be traced through a country by the devastation and ruin it left behind it, by the ashes of plundered villages, and the bleaching bones and rotting corpses of their inhabitants. Ziska was buried in the Church of Czaslau, with his battle-ax hung above the tomb, but in 1623 his bones were removed by an imperial order, and the people never knew what became of them. There is a legend that by Ziska's dying orders his skin was, after his death, made into a drum, and used by the Hussites in their subsequent wars, but this is regarded as a pure fable.

Miscellaneous.

Reader, New Haven: We cannot answer such questions.

V. C. Bates, Aralon, Mo.: Addresses are not given by the Bureau.

W. P. B., Ansell, Ky.: We do not give addresses in this department.

Fremont, Ind.: Addresses of firms selling goods are not given in the Bureau.

J. M. McMillen, New Bethleham, Pa.: Addresses are not given in the Bureau.

E. C. L., Kearney, Neb.: You have not complied with the rules at the head of this column.

Farmer, Sedalia, Mo.: Your name does not accompany your question, therefore we can not answer.

E. E. Pearce, Oak Grove, Mich.: Addresses of firms are not given by the Bureau. Please do not ask.

Ness City, Kansas: Your name does not accompany your question, therefore cannot be answered.

H. E. W., Eden, Wis.:
What is the capital of Arizona?
Prescott.

M. D., Yuta City, Cal.:
How does Miss Bouton pronounce her name? Accent on the first syllable, which is pronounced as if spelled "Bough."

Reader, Auburn, Kan.:
What meridian has day first; or, what meridian is the day counted from?
In the middle of the Pacific ocean, 168 degrees west.

H. G. Miller, Russellville, Tenn.:
1. Will a vessel of water weigh the same with a fish in it as without?
1. No. 2. Your second question is not of general interest. Do not ask such questions.

G. H. L., Kismet, Morgan Co., Tenn.:
1. Please give rule to find the safe working pressure of steam boiler. 2. Knowing the size of safety valve, how to find the heft of weight to be used?
Consult some technical work. Such questions are not of general interest to our readers.

S. A. Vest, Tobaccoville, N. C.:
1.—I have heard it said that the white and colored children could dig in the dirt together, if they do, who was Governor at the time it became a law, and was the legislature Democratic or Republican?
2.—Are there any railroads in China and Africa.
1.—The "black laws" of Ohio were repealed by a Republican legislature during Governor Foraker's term of office. White and colored children can now legally attend the same school. In many cities of Ohio they have done so for years. 2.—Yes.

J. Struble, La Mown, D. T.:
1.—Please state the reason, if there be one, why postal notes are not made payable to some particular person, the same as bank drafts.
2.—Please state the cause and prevention of "clinkers" in hard coal stoves.
3.—What is the comparative heating values of Wheat straw and hard coal?
Postal notes are made payable to bearer so that they can pass the same as money. If payable to some particular person they would be the same as money orders. 2.—The only way to lessen clinkers is to keep your stove well shaken down; but they will occur, no matter how patiently you attend the stove. 3.—We do not know.

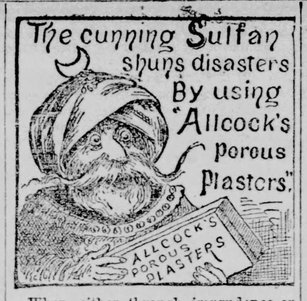
W. H. Allen, Russell Springs, Kan.:
Please explain what the President means by civil service reform.
It would be very hard to tell just what Mr. Cleveland means by civil service reform. The intent of the law is that persons shall not be discharged or hired to work for the government solely on political prestige. Also that a person must be capable, as shown by competitive examinations, must have a "fitness for public work." Mr. Cleveland's administration, while winking approval to the civil service reform league, has gone on in its own way displacing officials for political reasons only, and among the unscrupulous thrown out of work are many union soldiers, who shed their blood that Cleveland might to-day be President.

M. E. P.:
1. Is there any distiction between the two Indian chiefs Tecumseh, except Tecumseh and the prophet? Is so, give the prophet's name. 2. Is M. R. Waite the present Chief Justice? 3. Why would not J. S. Ingalls become President in case of the President's death?
1. The prophet's name was Elskwatawa. 2. No. He died March 23, as reported in the BLADE. 3. Simply because he is not Vice-President. He is only *acting* Vice-President by virtue of his having been elected to the position of president of the Senate. The people elect a Vice-President, and he would succeed the President in case of that gentleman's death. When Vice-President Hendricks died, the Senate was obliged to elect a presiding officer, which they did; but such presiding officer is not, and can not be Vice-President of the U. S. The next in succession to the Presidency after the Vice-President, is Mr. Byaard, Secretary of State.

R. M. F., Osgood, Mo.: The biography of Gen. Edward Braddock is desired.
Edward Braddock was born in Perthshire, Scotland, about the sear 1715. He served with distinction in Spain, Portugal, and Germany, and in 1755 was sent to take charge of the war against the French in America. He was a major general in the British army. It was the month of February, 1755, that he arrived at Richmond, Va., with a force of 2,000 British and provincial troops he marched northwest with the expedition against Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburg. He reached the Monongahela, a branch of the Ohio, on July 8. Wholly unused to border warfare he was just the commander to suit and satisfy the French and their Indian allies whom he was sent to defeat and drive out of the country. Leaving the baggage behind, on July 9, his force moved forward to invest Fort DuQuesne. Gen. Braddock refused to take the advices of his American officers, who were familiar with the arts of his savage foe and his own skill. The surprise which befell him had been predicted. The troops, in passing through a deep ravine, fell into an ambuscade of Indians, while they were attacked in front by the French, and half their number were slain. The remnant retreated, under the leadership of Col. George Washington, who twenty years later was the commander-in-chief of the patriot armies of the United States. Gen. Braddock was mortally wounded, and was carried by the retreating troops 40 miles, when de died and was buried.

L. H., Greenville, Plumas Co., Cal.:
Give a short sketch of J. G. Whittier.
John Greenleaf Whittier, an American author and poet, was born at Haverhill, Mass., 1807. He worked on a farm, and at shoemaking in his boyhood; but at the age of 18, having a strong desire for learning, he studied for two years at a local academy. In 1829, he became editor of the *American Manufacturer*, a paper established at Boston to advocate a protective tariff; in 1830 he was editor of the *New England Review*, at Hartford, Conn., where he wrote a "Life of Brainard," and "Legends in New England." Returning to his home, he was, in 1835, elected to the Massachusetts legislature; in 1836 appointed secretary of the Anti-Slavery society, and editor of the Pennsylvania *Freeman* in Philadelphia. In 1840 he moved to Amesbury, Mass., as corresponded of the *National Era*. His principal writings are—"In War Times," "National Lyrics," "Maud Muller," "Iron Bound," an i others.

W. H. P., Richland Center, Wis.:
Will you please state if there is a patent or apparatus of any kind for calming the waves of the sea? Please tell all you know about it calming the sea.]
There is no patent on any process for calming the sea. Oil allowed to drip over the stern of a vessel will prevent the sea from breaking over the boat, and often prevents serious disaster. But as the great waste of mechanical force in the waves that break upon the shores of large bodies of water has long been a subject of discussion with inventors, there is little doubt that frequent devices for utilizing this force have been made, and, perhaps, patented. A quite recent invention by a Canadian is mentioned by the American Cyclopedia for 1886, and noted as being especially valuable as the first deffee for utilizing the momentum of the wave, rather than its buoyent or lifting force. This new invention has been used successfully to pump water from the St. Lawrence river to the residence of the inventor, through a pipe three-fourths of an inch in diameter, 200 feet long, to a tank 40 feet above the water level.



When, either through imprudence or some unavoidable cause, you get overheated, cool off suddenly, catch Cold, Rheumatism, Nervous Disorders and numerous other troubles, the best thing to do is to cure yourself as quickly as possible. Small pains are not to be neglected except at the risk of serious consequences. Remove them at once. It can be done by an application of one or more of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, recognized the world over as the best external remedy ever made. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Posts were anchored in crib-work deep enough to allow the waves to pass freely between them. To these, with arms, there is suspended a plank float, which is six inches wide and six feet long. To the middle arm holding this float was attached a rod which worked the pump. Those who have examined this invention have expressed the opinion that it will in time be applied to work of a more important character.

W. H. Rich, Janesville, Ia., writes: In your issue of Feb. 23 some reader asks for recipe for coloring red. Here is a recipe for scarlet; very good for carpets. For one pound of goods, take one ounce cochineal well pulverized, two ounces muriate of tin, one ounce cream tartar. Infuse the cream tartar in warm water sufficient to wet the goods, set it over the fire and as the heat increases, stir it briskly, when it boils add the cochineal, which well mixed with the muriate of tin. Take one pound of goods wet in warm water, then put it into the dye, stiring it moderately. Let it boil or simmer one hour. Drain it and let it partly dry, then wash in weak suds, use soft water and brass or tin vessel for the dye. Do it on a bright sunshiny day. The muriate of tin is made as follows: Take muriate acid, as much as required for the amount of goods, take of tin, cut in small pieces, put it in the acid until no more will dissolve. The quantity to be prepared must of course depend on the amount of goods.

J. M., Otego, N. Y.:
Who first ascended Mount Blanc?
Mount Blanc, the highest peak of the Alps, was first ascended by Jacques Balmat and Dr. Paccard in August, 1786. Young Balmat subsequently adopted the work of a guide, and assisted hundreds of companies up the mountain. Forty-seven years after his first ascent, at the age of 71, Balmat was killed by a fall over a precipice. He guided some of the most illustrious scientists of the day in the perilous ascent and descent of the mountain. He was called by the novelist Dumas the "Columbus of the Alps." August 28, 1886, the centenary of this first ascent was celebrated by some of the members of the Alpine Club, and arrangements were made for the erection of a statue to Balmat. The Swiss government gave the ground in the village of Chamounix, and the work of making the monument was assigned to a noted French sculptor. The monument is to be bronze, representing Balmat in his mountaineer's dress showing the highest point of the mountain to De Saussure, the Swiss savant, who in 1787 first fixed the height of the mountain.

J. C. Givin, Pleasant Ridge, Ind.:
1. Can you please give a description of manner of the workings of the cable cars? Please give in detail how the cable is run, and how the car is run, stopped and controlled. How is the cable attached to the car? There are very few men that know.
2. Also please give the workings of signal service. What is a signal station? How are indications reported from one station to another? Why are most of the signal stations in the West? Please explain so we may understand.
1. It is no wonder that cable cars are a mystery to many people unfamiliar with mechanics. The Chinaman who first saw a train of cable cars rushing down the street was led to remark: "No pushee; no pulle; go alle same like h—l." To construct a cable car road a large trench is dug in the center of the street for the cable to run. The cable is endless, like the chain in the well, running around wheels at each end of the line, and being kept in constant motion by engines at both ends of the line and at various places along the line. After the cable is properly adjusted, the space occupied by it is covered and a narrow space, say an inch, is left open. The cars are then placed on the track. On the cars are legally which reach down through the narrow opening. Below grounds the "grips," as the name implies, takes hold of the rapidly moving cable and the cars are put in motion. Should the cars wish to stop the "grip" man releases his hold upon the cable and applies the brake. Of course the running of cable cars require care, but they are a great convenience, as long train can be moved more speedily, more quiet, better time made, and there is no screaching steam engine crashing through the stores frightening horses and blackening up the stores with its smoke and grease. The signal service is a very complicated affair. There are stations all over the country who report to Washington on the state of the weather. They tell whether it is cloudy, clear or fair in their locality, how cold or warm the sun shines and how strong the wind is, and what the barometic pressure is. From this knowledge the bureau at Washington should be able to make predictions much more accurately than they do. But the signal office is in the hands of the army, and until it is got into the hands of civilions, and the service thoroughly reformed, it will be of little good to anybody.

"As glares the tiger on his foes,
Hemmed in by hunters, spears and bows,
And, ere he bounds upon the ring,
Selects the object of his spring."

So disease, in myriad forms, fastens its fangs upon the human race. Ladies who suffer from distressing ailments peculiar to their sex, should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Valuable Points by a Plumber.

"If you want a point or two about cleaning waste-pipes without sending for a plumber," said a retired member of the fraternity to a reporter who was complaining of the trials of house-ownership, "just listen to me.

"If I were still in the business I would not give away what I am going to tell you now, but as I'm out of it I do not see why I may not help a friend.

"One of the most frequent and trying annoyances," he continued, as he flashed his $600 diamond ring at the reporter, "is the obstruction to the free, quick outlet of the waste water of the washbasin, bathtub, and kitchen sink. This is caused by a gradual accumulation of small bits of refuse material, papers, rags, meat, bone, or grease, which check and finally entirely stop the outflow of the waste, and then the plumber is called to remove the stoppage with his force-pump. Sometimes this is successful, but often the pipe has to be cut, and there is great inconvenience and expense.

"Just before retiring at night pour into the clogged pipe enough liquid soda lye to fill the "trap," as it is called—or the bent part of the pipe just below the outlet. Be sure no water runs into it until the next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the offal into soft soap, and the first current of water in the morning will wash it away and leave the pipe as clean as new. See? This is practical chemistry, yet few chemists would ever think of it."—*New York Telegram.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Variations.

Mr. Holworthy—"Believe me, Clara, you have no reason to be jealous; I have been devotedly true to you—true as—as—the needle to the pole!"

Miss Vassar—"I take it, then, that I am to make proper allowance for the magnetic variations."

The Whole Vital Machinery

Depends for the fuel, which is the origin of its propulsory force, upon the stomach. In that hidden alembic the food undergoes the chemical changes which transmute it into blood, from which the system draws the material that reimburses it for its daily losses of tissue. These, of course, are greatly augmented in disease. If the stomach, therefore, is weakened or disordered, the system is deprived of sustenance. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can be relied upon to facilitate and renew digestion when that function has been interrupted by weakness of the stomach. Biliousness, or a diversion of the bile from its proper channel, which causes constipation, is also remedied by it. Heartburn, wind on the stomach, sick headache, fur upon the tongue, and other symptoms of stomach and liver disorder, it speedily removes. Malarial complaints of every sort, kidney and bladder troubles, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia yield when it is used regularly and persistently.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

NEW YORK CHAT ON NEW STYLES.

An Interesting Budget of Special Value to the Ladies—Some New Ideas in Sleeves—How the Leaders of Fashion are Dressing.

NEW YORK, April 9.—(Special letter.)—This is veritably the opening of a reign of color in ladies' apparel. Never before has the fashionable range of colors been wider or more beautiful, and never before perhaps has there been a better appreciation of the value of color by a woman who would dress well.

The most beautiful harmonies are those which have the most consonance. To demonstrate this, Bernardin de St. Pierre tells how the ancients personified the sun as the daughter of air, who, on the banks of the Cephisus repeated the last word she heard; just as most of the great colorists have repeated their harmonies.

Symphonies duplicated are essential in women's dress, with some contrasts, which nature applies with a lavish hand, as in the color of animals and the adornment of the earth with green leaves and flowers.

The shades of brown are borrowed from beaver and bark; the grays are in several variations; the blues range from electric to sky blue and turquoise, including the deep, dark royal blue, which is honored as "Alexandra blue" on account of its being nearly the same shade as that worn by the Princess of Wales at the time of her marriage. The vieux rose is lighter and more tender than of yore, so is the crevette, which matches a "young prawn fresh from boiling." The old fashioned pink has come back to us and the old oyster white Pomme, the best of all greens by candlelight, is as its name implies, the exact tint of a green apple.

I have not time to detail, nor has the BLADE space to print, the bewildering variety of new styles that are shown this spring. I must content myself with a picture or two, and brief notes of some of the more striking.

THE HOUSE JACKET.

For light-fitting jackets, filigree braids in gold and steel, and silk and metal cords, are very much used. Perhaps there are few styles which are so becoming as the light-fitting, neatly braided jacket, and it can always be depended on to enhance the charms of the "tailor-made girl."

The garments that are the forerunners of summer mantles are either in jacket form, or consist of a variation of peleine mantelet, trimmed with feather bands.

Many of the jackets and mantelets are made with hoods, and the majority are lined with colored silk or surah.

A pretty little mantle, with pointed mantelet ends, sling sleeves and plain basque at the back, is made of velvet and brocade Pekin, with passementerie clasps at the neck, velvet pekins for the most expensive and colored cloth, for the more every day mantelets are the rule; beige cloth too, will be used for these mantles.

YOUNG LADIES' EVENING DRESSES.

A pale straw-colored faille skirt, the left side draped with white lace, is designed for an evening dress for a young lady. A long draped tunic of straw-colored crepe de chine, embroidered with silver, crosses the front diagonally from the left hip, and is slightly draped on the right hip. The long train is of straw-colored satin, with a silver broche pattern in wide stripes. The broche corsage is new in style and is cut like a little open jacket with revers turned back round the neck, which is cut in V shape at the back; the short, straight fronts open over a richly embroidered vest, corselet, filled out with a full chemisette of straw-colored crepe de chine. The plain sleeves of broche reach half way to the elbow and have lace revers turned back round the edge.

A charming evening dress for a young lady is of pale blue Indian silk; a full chemisette of lace gathered at the neck, the elbow sleeves arranged to form three puffs, the sash of watered ribbon tied in a large bow at the side.

THE NEW DRESS GOODS.

For dresses peau de soie, faille francaise and moire are combined with figured and broche silks and satins, chiefly in stripes, which are perfect triumphs of the art of weaving. An exquisite Ophelia, plain moire silk—if you can imagine silk being "plain" that is both "Ophelia" and "moire" at the same time—that is made up with the same material striped with satin, the wider stripes bearing garlands of broche flowers in shades of Ophelia.

LATE IDEAS IN SLEEVES.

Another really overpowering pretty dress is a pale gray velours de Genes. The ground is satin. The pattern of gray velvet flowers on this is exquisitely delicate and sharp in outline, although the pile is full and deep; between these wide stripes are narrow ones in a darker shade of gray satin, figured with velvet spots and sprays in silver white silk.

OTHER IDEAS IN DRESSES.

For a dinner dress, the skirt of Sevres-blue cashmere, embroidered, the short drapery bodice and back of the skirt of blue faille, trimmed with cream lace.

For home dress, the underskirt of red Windsor tweed, with a band of cashmere at the foot; the drapery and bodice of cashmere in a darker shade of red; the revers and cuffs of lighter red cashmere.

A walking dress of Beatrice striped serge; the jacket of seal brown cloth trimmed with bands of fur and galoon.

Another walking dress of slate cashmere, with a paneled material in a lighter shade; passementerie ornament at the top of the panel.

NEW STYLES IN STOCKINGS.

The new silk stockings are of several different styles. The stocking in imitation of a boot is called bas-a botte. This stocking has deep points, one on each side; these points are of different color from the rest of the stocking. For instance, navy blue over copper color, black over old gold, deep red over heliotrope, and so on. Next come the stockings with a pretty plaid pattern in bright tints over a dark ground. "But most elegant of all," everyone declares, "is the embroidered stocking." It is of one colored silk and all the front part is delicately embroidered in a small pattern worked in relief in bright colors.

There are also pretty stockings striped either across or lengthwise. The prettiest stripes have a fine streak of some brighter color on either side.

Indoor shoes for afternoon or evening wear are of kid embroidered with beads, with a tiny bow of ribbon placed in front.

NECK AND WRIST ADORNMENTS.

It is whispered that lingerie, in the shape of frills, ruches, collars, etc., of lace and linen, is once more to be in vogue, but the time has not come yet, and meanwhile ruches puffings and flat bands of other materials are used to finish off dresses at the neck and wrist. Flat bands of etamine are used to some extent, but small ruches of lace, with loops of white or cream ribbon, or of ribbon matching the dress, are very much preferred.

Folds of silk in three or four layers, the last fold tipped with beads, are very effective, and pretty bouillonnes of tulle or gauze over ribbon, which is tied in a bow in front or on one side of the neck, are worn either side or outside the dress collar.

Velvet collars, covered with gold or silver filigree, with the new stamped-out-steel lace, or embroidered with beads, are new and convenient, as they can be worn with a variety of dresses, but especially with jersey bodices in light colors, and with velvet corset bodices, finished off with a full chemisette or pleated under-bodice of surah in cream, pale blue, mauve, straw or other light shades.

Plastrons, collars and cuffs of passementerie, which are easily tacked on to a bodice, are useful for converting all every day costumes into a little more dressy in appearance.

BONNETS AND HATS.

Among which are likely to be much worn this year are the following:

A bonnet in serpent shade, poke shape, amber ribbons with a spray of pink roses and daisies.

Toque made of roses, of gold and white lace, very artistic, and the latest thing imported from Paris.

Maize colored bonnet, embroidered front and ribbon crown, with a spray of exquisite

A "TAILOR GOWN" STYLE.

roses and leaves. The sight of it, with a view to subsequent proprietorship, would fill the heart of any average lady with delight.

Gray and gold toque, embroidered with a lovely branch of La France roses. This production of the milliner's skill is universally admitted to be too sweet for anything.

Directoire hat, brown and white straw front and brown velvet crown, with a superb bunch of cream colored ostrich tips and bow.

Toque, gold gold colored straw brim, absinthe green crown, with swallows embroidered in gold.

Toque, gold brim, with white surah crown.

Other pretty hats are the "penny bunch of violets" turban and the "little abbe," the latter being a three-cornered hat trimmed with black plumes and rosettes.

The Louise bonnet is of simple straw, with lace rosettes, but is very stylish-looking. The "green grass" bonnet is another of the idyllic class.

Milliners differ in opinion regarding the ombre shades of ribbon which were such a prominent feature last year, some believing that they will equally popular this year, and others being of opinion that they will be little used.

While there are a great many imported hats and bonnets, there are a greater number from the hands of American modistes than in any other season. Most of those made here can compete in every way with those which are imported, and there are many people who will not buy bonnets or hats if they know they are imported.

The newest ribbons for hat trimmings are of satin, with a band of moire in a second color on one side, and an edging of two or three satin cords in straight rows. Quill feathers are still in demand to give the finishing touches to a hat that must be coquettish or nothing.

Spring Medicine.

The necessity of a spring medicine is almost universally admitted. And the superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose becomes more widely and widely known every year. That power to purify the blood, and those elements of strength and health which the system craves, and to which it is so susceptible at this season, are possessed by this peculiar medicine in a pre-eminent degree. Scrofula, pimples, boils, or any humor, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, catarrh, rheumatism, or any diseases or affections caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try the peculiar medicine.

She Left the Food for "Jim."

Carlyle's thought that "there is no human life, faithfully recorded, but is an heroic poem of its sort rhymed or unrhymed," is forcibly called to mind by the following incident of one of the recent Dakota blizzards: Mrs. Mary Chapman, the young wife of a settler in the central part of the territory, remained alone at home while her husband was away looking after his cattle. The storm came on suddenly, and when one of these days before he was able to get back through the drifts, and when he entered the cabin he found his wife lying insensible on the bed. There was just food enough left for a meal for her husband, and she had gone without eating for two days rather than touch a crust of it. When brought back to consciousness the noble little woman threw her arms about her husband's neck and cried: "O, Jim! I thought you might come home nearly dead with hunger." This typical wife had a true-souled sister in the heroine of a story that was not long ago published in the London papers: A little girl lay dying in a hovel at Shoreditch. "Now there will be enough for the rest to eat," she said.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

Butter Adulterants.

There are seventeen patents on imitation butter. The letters patent state that the following ingredients are used in making imitation dairy products: Sugar of lead, bisulphate of lime, saltpeter, borax, boracic acid, salicylic acid, orris root, cotton seed oil, vegetable oils, bicarbonate of soda, nitrate of potash, glycerine, caprylic acid, alum, sulphate of soda, cow's udder, commercial sulphuric acid, pepsin, sal soda, tallow, lard, sea salt, farinaceus flour, butyric ether, caustic potash, carbonic acid, castor oil, chalk, slippery elm bark, oil of sesame, oil of sunflower seeds, olive oil, cucumine, turnip seed oil, bromochloralum, chlorate of potash, nitre, oil of sweet almonds, oil of peanuts, peroxide of manganese, stomach of pig, sheep or calf, nitrate of soda, benne oil, gastric juice, mustard seed oil, nitric acid, dry blood, albumen, sugar, butyric acid, bicarbonate of potash, chloride of sodium, caustic soda, corn starch, and coloring matter.

No, thank you! We don't want any in ours!

To Nervous Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effect upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Senator Brown's Strategy.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, is perhaps one of the best and most painstaking politicians in the Senate. Appreciating the value of having a man correctly reported and properly understood, Senator Brown conceived the idea of employing a driver who should also be a stenographer. The senator's carriage is always drawn by two jet black horses, and in Atlanta the turnout is known as "the Black Maria." Now, whenever the senator wants a "friend" of his to commit himself, he invites him to take a drive. The critical moment arrives when the carriage comes to a halt and the senator's guest is invited to depart. Then that the wily senator engages him in earnest conversation, and gradually leads him up to important questions, to which committing answers are frequently returned. These the stenographer-coachman takes down on little pads of white paper. The senator pays the young driver a handsome salary, and looks upon him as one of the most valuable persons in his employ.

Ask For Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and be sure you get it, when you want the best blood-purifier.

With its forty years of unexampled success in the cure of Blood Diseases, you can make no mistake in preferring Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far excel those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfaction."—L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1888.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second Class Mail Matter.

Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

The political battle of this year will be the most important that has been fought in the United States for years. The struggle will not only be for supremacy in the White House and in Congress, but it will also decide our future economic system—whether the Republican principle of protection, which has caused such an unparalleled development of our country in every possible line since its adoption, shall be continued, or whether we shall plunge the nation into financial depression, great labor troubles, bankruptcy and poverty, to carry out the theories of a stubborn and unstatesmanlike President.

The BLADE will be found where it has ever stood—on the side of the best interests of the whole people; on the side of American workingmen as against those of Europe; for the prosperity of American manufactures instead of those of foreign lands; in favor of American goods, made by American workmen, as against the conspiracy of the free trade theorists and the selfish ring of importers in the Atlantic cities, who see enormous fortunes in prospect as the result of the adoption of the suicidal policy of President CLEVELAND; on the side of the American farmer, whose prosperity depends far more on a home market than on a foreign one; on the side of prosperity for all, rather than poverty to the many and prosperity to the merchant princes of New York.

The BLADE will be made brighter and better than ever the coming year. Mr. LOCKE had elaborated certain plans for its improvement during 1888, which will be fully and faithfully carried out. All the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

A BEER ORGAN'S ABUSE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

It is sometimes profitable to us to examine carefully the position of our opponents on the Rum question, and inform ourselves thoroughly of their views upon any current phase of the warfare. The friends of Prohibition could the more readily do this if the organs of the Rum Power discussed matters intelligently and logically. This, however, they do not do. The men who make and deal in Rum are not, as a rule, persons of any great degree of literary taste, nor possessed of much desire for reading of any sort. Hence the organs of the liquor trade are generally of a very low grade, as far as the ability displayed in their editorial columns is concerned. They are only vigorous in fanatical denunciation, only strong in abuse of Prohibition and its promoters. The following editorial extract from the Washington *Sentinel*, the organ of the brewers, upon the decision of the United States Supreme court upholding the right of the state to stop the manufacture of Rum within its borders without paying damages to the brewers and distillers, illustrates the above very clearly:

> The people of the United States are fast losing faith in the Supreme court. When respect for the judgments of that tribunal of last resort is lost then its doom as now organized becomes only a question of time. * * * * *
>
> We have seen the court, with seven Republicans and one Democrat on the bench, declaring boldly that the people have no rights which Prohibition fanaticism may respect, and that property can be confiscated without redress under the fury of local legislation.
>
> These acts and others kindred to them are calculated to shock the public mind and destroy any solid confidence in a tribunal capable of such excesses. No decision can stand, as no law can stand, that defies the honest convictions of the American people and tramples upon their consecrated rights. Reaction is certain to follow this harsh and illogical judgment, and with it will come a damning reversal which will stamp these justices with deserved disgrace.
>
> The mercenary managers of Prohibition will be encouraged in their special traffic, and, of course, will realize large profits for a time. The leaders in Iowa and other states will press their violent measures with increased intolerance. Every such step will be an ultimate gain for personal liberty and a sure loss to the Republican party. Let them go on in this desperate work and with the vilest legislation. Its only effect will be to hasten the crisis and to overthrow in a short time the whole fabric of fanaticism.
>
> For the future of this question, when presented to the calm thought of the country, we have not the least misgiving. Prohibition is bound to fall because it is the enemy of true temperance and the promoter of drunkenness and crime. What concerns us most is the decline of the Supreme court and the loss of respect for its decrees.

The above extract is typical in all respects. It is a true exponent of the feeling of the Rum Power. There is no argument in it. There is no discussion of the question involved. It is the selfish shriek of avarice against the rights of the people. It is calculated to make any honest citizen become the friend of Prohibition, through disgust with a cause which has no better defense than such utterances as the above. It opens with a lie, and continues throughout on the same level. The first declaration—"that the people of the United States are fast losing faith in the Supreme court"—is not only a lie, but it is absurd. It assumes that the Rum manufacturers and dealers are the "people of the United States." This is equal, in cool assurance, to the famed three tailors of Tooley street, London, who once framed an appeal to Parliament which began with the pretentious phrase, "We, the people of England." The *Sentinel* evidently supposes that the Rum Power constitutes the people of the United States.

The charge comes next, that "the people have no rights which Prohibition fanaticism is bound to respect." This is as complete a reversal of the fact as it would be possible make. The decision was in the line of securing to the people the right to stop a harmful and vice-producing traffic. It affirmed their right not only to stop the manufacture and sale, but declared that they should not be compelled to pay for the implements of the infernal trade which their voice had declared must be discontinued. If there ever was a decision which upheld the rights of the people at large against selfish greed and organized pauper and criminal-making, it was this very decision of the Supreme court. It was an emphatic enunciation that the theory of our government—by the people for the people—must be carried out; that the will of the majority must be the supreme law, and that private interests, inimical to the public good, shall not interpose to prevent the people's supremacy, no matter how great the profits to those concerned therein.

The assertion is involved therein that the decision also says that "property can confiscated without redress." So it can, not only in the case of Rum making, but in all other cases where the "private property" is used to the detriment of the public. The case is similar to that of the counterfeiter who has spent months in engraving a plate from which to print bad treasury notes. The officers seize it, and he has no remedy. Its only possible use was to defraud the public, and the public good requires its destruction A man has a vicious dog, dangerous to passers-by It is shot by a policeman for attacking strangers, and the owner has no redress, because the animal was a menace to the public security. A distiller or brewer has his occupation prohibited by law, and the Supreme court declares, on the same ground of public welfare, that he is not entitled to pay for machinery or apparatus which could only be used in defiance of law. The land on which the brewery or distillery stands is as valuable as it ever was; the building can be converted to honest and lawful uses. The state does not take possession nor destroy anything. In point of fact, it does not "confiscate." It merely renders valueless for the original purpose.

If the article quoted above expresses the real sentiments and beliefs of any large number of persons concerning in the Rum traffic, it is an instance which shows how greatly a man's money interests may warp his judgment and influence his opinion. The decision strengthened the respect of the vast mass of the American people for our supreme tribunal. The assertion that "no decision can stand, no law can stand, that defies the honest convictions of the American people and tramples upon their consecrated rights," is a bit of fustian. The honest conviction of a majority of the American people to-day is that the Rum traffic is a curse; and that majority stands ready to see it crushed, applauding the act. There are no "consecrated rights" in the manufacture or sale of Rum. It is a thing that is entirely in the power of the people to permit or to prohibit, and no right is violated by its prohibition.

The remainder of the article is fanatical in its abuse and falsehood. The decision is in support of the liberties of the people against the organized warfare of the Rum Power on society for the sake of gain. It would not be possible to compress more fanaticism, more injustice, more falsehood into the same space. Here is the highest judicial tribunal in the land, composed of men the most of whom do not, we are assured, personally favor Prohibition, and not one of whom has ever declared even sympathy for prohibitory legislation; yet they are assailed in most infamous fashion for a decision entirely uncolored by personal or political feeling. The article loses sight entirely of the fact that the only function of the Supreme court in this case was to decide whether the Iowa statute was repugnant to the constitution of the United States, and therefore void. They decided it was not, and their decision gave the grounds on which they so decided.

All that this decision does is to define the limits of the battle-ground between the states and the Rum Power. It declares wisely that the several states must entirely control those matters which belong to local government. Thus Prohibition is narrowed to the arena of the state legislatures and courts. There is where the battle must be fought. Thanks to the decision, we now know where the final struggle must come, and the friends of Prohibition can concentrate their efforts within states lines to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE secret of the differences between Emperor FREDERICK of Germany and BISMARCK is now said to be the effort of the Empress VICTORIA, backed by her mother, Queen VICTORIA of England, to get the Emperor's consent to the marriage of their daughter, Princess VICTORIA, to Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria. ALEXANDER is a BATTENBERG, a brother of the husband of Princess BEATRICE of England. British royal influence is meddling in the affairs of the German royal family, and this is resented by BISMARCK, as it undoubtedly is by the whole German people. The Empress VICTORIA hates BISMARCK, and the latter returns the sentiment. The Chancellor will resign if the proposed match is perfected, it is said, and it looks as if there is foundation for it. There is no doubt but this marriage would array Russia at once against Germany, and the retirement of BISMARCK would cause intense commotion in Germany, with the possibility of attempted revolution. The situation is a most delicate one, pregnant of great results.

THE last week's trade reports showed a condition of continued dullness in business, as a rule, although certain localities report an improvement. The Eastern trade is not up to expectations. The railroad earnings begin to snow more losses than gains on the whole; the net loss for roads reporting thus far being about 9 per cent. for March. The shrinkage in exchanges in March, outside of New York, was also about 9 per cent. These evidences of past shrinkage are partly attributable to the great storm and party to Western strikes, which seem no longer likely to cause serious disturbance. But a larger and more lasting cause is the prevailing uncertainty as to the future. Exports have declined in the past four weeks 20½ per cent., and the imports increased 3.6—both bad signs. Of flour and wheat, exports for five weeks have been a shade less than half those of last year: of corn only 43 per cent., and of cotton 60½ per cent.

VERMONT and Mississippi have appointed their delegates to the national Republican convention, and send them uninstructed for any candidate. This is the wise course to pursue. The great Chicago gathering will be this year a deliberative body, not an excited gathering of warring clans, each enthusiastic for its favorite. Counsel, not whoop-la, will be the watchword.

GOVERNOR FORAKER has appointed April 27 as Arbor Day in Ohio. Illinois takes hers on April 13, and Michigan comes on April 20.

THE MATTER OF THE SURPLUS.

A subscriber at Walton, West Virginia, sends us a long article on "The Surplus Revenue—Where Is It?" from a Democratic sheet, and asks that the truth of the matter be given through the BLADE.

The article in question, which would make a column of the BLADE, starts out first by declaring that the government is receiving each month $10,000,000 in excess of its needs; and then, in reply to its own question, "What disposition is made of this surplus?" goes on as follows:

> The fact is not generally known, but the taxpayers should be informed, that their money is divided up among the national banks. There are now $60,000,000 of the surplus deposited with the banks without interest, and they are loaning it to their customers upon such terms as dealers in money prescribe. True, the banks hold it subject to the call of the government, but so long as the receipts exceed the disbursements no call is likely to be made, and the bankers are sure of a large income for an indefinite time.

After elaborating on this statement at great length, the article concludes as follows:

> The current expenses of the government are very large, and the debt we owe to our patriotic soldiers is great, rendering enormous tax levies indispensable for years to come. It is cruel, oppressive, dishonest and unjust to ask of a patriotic and generous people to contribute a surplus beyond the needs of the government. We have no language with which to denounce the infamy of placing this surplus in the hands of bankers to be used for their private gain. We heartily agree with the President that in the revision of our tariff schedule care should be taken to foster and encourage our domestic manufactures, while at the same time the common necessaries of life should not be burdened with heavy taxes.

Now, as to the facts in the case: Under a law passed by a Republican Congress a number of years ago, the Republican secretaries of the Treasury were in the habit, when no bonds were immediately available for call, to go on the market when they had surplus money in the treasury, and buy bonds, cancelling and retiring them. This law is operative to-day, as it has always been. Under it, a few purchases of bonds were made last summer by the Democratic secretary. But such a policy, it was seen, would defeat the purpose of CLEVELAND and his advisers to force free trade upon the people, as they consider the surplus an argument for tariff reduction. So they elaborated the theory that as the section authorizing such bond purchases was a part of an appropriation bill, for a particular year that it was not now in force.

Hence the secretary was driven to loaning the public money to the banks. It is a bad policy, and the words of condemnation in the above extract are in reality a condemnation of the Democratic administration for resorting to such an expedient. Look at the splendid record of Republican financiering for twenty-four years, and ask yourselves where the party of progress ever resorted to the plan of letting a debt go on, bearing interest all the time, and loaned out the idle money, that should be applied to the reduction of the debt, to banks for their individual use, without paying any interest?

Such a stupid policy should damn the party responsible for it. We are surprised that our West Virginia friends did not see this point at once. The blundering, incompetent Democratic administration is willing to so abuse its power—to loan out government money to banks, without interest, in place of buying bonds and stopping that much of interest, in order to dupe the people into voting for business stagnation and commercial ruin, by supporting its free trade policy. It is the best argument possible against the incompetent Democratic party, and for a return to Republican management of the national finances.

A bill has passed the Republican Senate, declaring the right of the secretary of the Treasury to go on on the market and buy bonds, cancel and retire them, with the surplus at his disposal. Will the Democratic majority in the House pass it? Will CLEVELAND sign it? Or will they follow out the free trade policy, and go on in their plan of allowing bankers to use the national treasury as capital?

The free trader, who wrote the article referred to, in the last paragraph quoted above speaks of "encouraging domestic manufactures, while the necessaries of life should not be burdened with heavy taxes." This is really a reassertion of the old lie that the man who buys any article which, if imported, pays a tariff, also pays the duty on it. The BLADE has shown this fallacy over and over again. We are sure our West Virginia readers understand it. For instance, the duty on imported calico, of the same qualities as are found in every country store, is from 4 to 6 cents a yard. Yet you can buy good calico here in Toledo, or in any city, for five cents a yard. Does the buyer pay five cents a yard duty on it? Of course not. The question is absurd. Yet this one illustration shows the folly of the free trade argument. The people of West Virginia will be foolish if they are carried away by any argument like that sent us by our friend. Their best interests demand business methods in the treasury, instead of the bungling incapacity confessed by a Democratic sheet.

MAILING MONEY.

The bill which has passed the House and is now before the Senate, providing for the issue of fractional paper currency, will, if enacted, meet a want. Year by year the dwellers in remote districts more largely purchase articles in the cities which can not be obtained at home. "Shopping by mail" is a modern custom, but it is growing rapidly and proving itself a great convenience to country residents and a source of profit to city business men.

Some convenient currency is greatly needed for this and other purposes that require the sending of small sums by mail. Bank checks are out of the question in most cases, and metallic currency in all. Bank notes are very well when the amount is in even dollars—which is usually not. Money orders have the merit of safety and are reasonably convenient, but they cannot be procured everywhere, and are both clumsy and costly. The same objections apply to the postal note.

What is wanted is a currency that, like the old postal currency, can be carried in the pocket, used in every-day transactions and sent in a letter without any further formality than putting it in an envelope and sending it off. Such a currency would not be as safe for mailing as the money order, of course, but the public would take the risk of that, while the government need not object to it on that account, since every piece lost or destroyed would be a clear gain to the government of its value. The fractional currency bill should be passed for the convenience of the public.

THE new serial, "Jack Dudley's Wife," which is now running in the Weekly BLADE, is attracting a great deal of attention. It is so entirely novel in construction, has such an interesting plot, and while devoid of all sensationalism is so absorbingly mysterious, that each installment is anxiously looked for. Its readers may rest assured that they will be even more completely mystified before they have finished it.

THE Anti-Saloon Republican national committee gives notice of a change to May 2 in the date of holding the national conference in New York. The object of this meeting is to discuss plans for the coming Presidential campaign, and to prepare a memorial for presentation to the national Republican convention at Chicago.

SENATOR LELAND STANFORD is said to be still a Presidential candidate. Mr. STANFORD needs to be taken quietly aside and frankly informed of the feeling of the sturdy Republican farmers of the West over Pacific railway monopolies and steals. He has no more chance of being nominated at Chicago than has JEFF. DAVIS.

THE FILIBUSTERING IN THE HOUSE.

The dead-lock in the National House of Representatives, which has kept up since Wednesday, still continues at this writing, and bids fair to go on indefinitely. It is over the "direct tax bill," and a little explanation may be of interest. In 1861 the government, to raise funds to carry on the war, imposed a direct tax on the states. The most of the states paid this tax with patriotic promptness. The three largest payments were: New York, $2,213,000; Pennsylvania, $1,946,000; Ohio, $1,336,000; and so on through the list—the federal constitution requiring that any direct tax by the national government shall be divided among the states in proportion to their population. Some of the states and territories paid only part of their assessment, and still owe the federal government. Below is given a list of these with the sums remaining unpaid:

Alabama..	$506,793 02	S. Caro'a..	$141,174 31
Arkan's..	107,184 82	Tennessee	277,494 52
Colorado..	715 37	Texas....	174,265 16
Florida...	72,756 43	Utah.....	26,982 00
Georgia...	466,384 44	Virginia...	286,662 93
Mississ'i..	229,769 01	Wash'n...	3,487 17
N. Caro'a..	109,742 96		

The bill which is now the subject of the wrangle in the House, authorizes the government to refund the direct tax to the states. Of course those which neglected to pay will merely have their indebtedness canceled, receiving no money. The bill has enough Representatives in favor of it to pass it, but it is opposed by about sixty members, who are "filibustering" to prevent its passage. Those opposed to it are all Democrats, and very nearly all Southern men. Their plea is that the bill will reduce the surplus, and prevent it from being a factor in the coming campaign—and that it will prevent tariff reduction according to the Mills scheme. The real reason is, that the states they represent will get little or nothing—generally the latter—while the Northern states will get large sums.

The struggle is not a debate on the passage of the measure. The opponents of the bill are in a large minority, their total number being less than one-fifth of the total membership of the House. It is a barefaced effort of a factious one-fifth to prevent the passage of a just measure favored by four-fifths of the members. All kinds of dilatory motions are made, requiring a roll-call, and every expedient resorted to to kill time and to prevent the passage of the bill. It is a humiliating spectacle for the people of the nation.

THE RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.

The result of Rhode Island's state election is a knock-down blow to the hopes of the Democrats, and especially of the administration, of retaining the state and capturing a seat in the United States Senate Let us look at the figures a moment:

One year ago the Democrats carried the state by a majority over all of 1,859. They elected 39 members of the state House of Representatives, and 13 of the Senate, while the Republicans had only 30 Representatives and 20 Senators—the Democrats thus having a majority on joint ballot.

This year the Republicans carry the state by a majority over all of 1,984, and a plurality over the Democrats of 3,224. They elect 28 out of the 37 senators, and have a fighting chance for 5 more seats, where there was no election. In the House they elect 55 out of 72 members, with a chance for 7 more seats.

An interesting feature of the fight was the mugwump opposition to LAPHAM, the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor, led by the Providence *Journal*, once the leading Republican organ of the state, but which "mugwumped" a year ago The *Journal* supported the entire Republican ticket except LAPHAM, whom it fought with the utmost bitterness. Mr. LAPHAM was elected, running but 273 votes behind his ticket. Hence the mugwumps in Rhode Island number 273, all told.

The Democrats are also deprived of their one stay and comfort—the somewhat noted restriction on the ballot by the provision of the constitution which required a property qualification to enable foreign-born citizens to vote. A proposition for the repeal of this constitutional provision was voted on at the late election, and was carried. It required a three-fifths vote to carry it, but it received 573 votes more than the three-fifths. Hence the property qualification is abolished, and the Democrats can no longer point to Rhode Island as a justification for the wholesale suppression of the colored vote in the South.

Altogether, the result is one full of hope and promise to the Republicans of the nation, and ominous of defeat to the free trade and Solid South combination Democracy. The Republicans of "Little Rhody" have set the step, and those of the remainder of the nation will take it up in their march to national victory.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

NEXT Tuesday the state election in Louisiana takes place. If it were an honest election, the state would be overwhelmingly Republican. But Governor MCENERY has taken back his promise that the people should have a fair ballot and an honest count, and stated recently, in a public speech, that bulldozing and fraud would, as usual, be the means of securing a Democratic "victory." The last state election occurred in April, 1884, when the Democratic candidate was elected by 45,272 plurality. CLEVELAND'S plurality in November of the same year was only 16,182. These figures will be of interest in comparing results.

THERE is a robust Presidential boom on foot in Michigan for ex-Governor RUSSELL A. ALGER The BLADE acknowledges the receipt of a large package of "boom" literature from the Alger club of Detroit, which shows much enthusiasm in his cause. ALGER is a splendid man, and the Republican convention might go farther and fare worse than to nominate him.

JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia's most noted merchant, says three things have halted the spring trade—the railroad and mining strikes, tariff agitation and the blizzard, but the "most serious unsettling of values is from the tariff tinkers." The people will settle the tariff tinkers next November.

BISMARCK has tackled kings and kaisers and came out victorious, but in his present contest with the mother-in-law of the Emperor of Germany the issue is as doubtful as it generally is when mothers-in-law are meddling in domestic affairs.

GENERAL BOULANGER has just been elected to the French chamber of Deputies. President CARNOT will now find him a greater nuisance than ever. The signs of the times point to his reaching supreme power—and then?

THE Democrats claim New York in the presidential fight with as much assurance as if CLEVELAND'S majority in 1884 had been a million instead of a beggarly 1,047.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

It is somewhat strange that whenever the credit system is criticised, it is as a rule from the standpoint of the dealer rather than of the buyer—giving the trouble of the man who gives credit rather than of him who receives it. Of course it is an annoyance and a loss to the seller: but its effects upon the buyer are still worse. It is bad for all classes of purchasers, and simply ruinous to young men. The one of the latter who begins a career of buying on credit and borrowing ends in misfortune and too often in bankruptcy of character. Many a young man has been ruined by the credit system.

Take, for example, the young fellow of honest purpose who enters society believing that his future home and happiness depends upon his ability to please, and that to please he must dress well and liberally spend his money for theater privileges and ball room fancies. The chances are that such a young man will soon find that his expenses exceed his income, in which case he usually resorts to the credit system for temporary relief. He finds that his tailor will furnish him a new suit of clothes on time, hence he dresses well; he finds that his livery bills can be charged, hence he drives well because it is fashionable to do so. He does all this with honest intent, believing that he can meet his bills when due; but when pay-day comes he is unable to keep his promises, so there begins the era of broken pledges, which too often ends in bankruptcy of character.

Young man, don't put all you earn, and more, upon your back, for the young lady who is attracted by good clothes is in fact not a very rich discovery. If you have a small balance at the end of the week, take a second thought before you pay it out for cigars or tickets to the theater; but whatever you do, don't run in debt. In this new and comparatively undeveloped country there are many fine opportunities for the industrious, economical and sober young man. And he who guards his honor by living within his income is the man whom the public can rely upon, and he is the man, too, that will make good use of these opportunities.

LEIF ERIKSON.

We are in receipt of a letter from a Norwegian subscriber in Denison, Texas, who takes exception to some editorial remarks in a recent issue regarding the effort to bestow upon LEIF ERIKSON, the Norse navigator, the honors due to COLUMBUS, as the discoverer of America. We are perfectly willing to believe that the sea rover reached "Vineland," which was probably some point on the New England coast, in the year 1,000. Our correspondent sends us the following synopsis of the Norwegian legend:

> Leif Erikson landed in America, which he named Vineland, in 1000. Seven years after Leif's voyage, Thorfinn Karlsefne, his wife, with a company of 151 men and 7 women in all, sailed to make a settlement in Vineland. After that, many expeditions went over from the 10th to the 14th centuries. Pontiff Paschal II appointed Erik Upsi as bishop over Iceland, Greenland and Vineland in 1112, and he went over in 1121. Adam of Bremen wrote a book in 1473, wherein he gave a description of Vineland. Columbus was in Iceland in 1477, and there got reason to believe, and to get maps from the Vatican of Iceland, Greenland and Vineland.

All this may be true. The statements as to COLUMBUS, however, do not agree with the fact that when he urged different governments to equip an expedition for discovery, it was not on the plea that there was a new country to the westward of Europe, but that the wearthas round, and hence a shorter route could be found to the Indies by going westward around the globe than by the Cape of Good Hope route. COLUMBUS always believed he had reached a portion of India, and died without knowing that he had brought a new continent to the notice of Europe.

Even admitting the truth of the story of LEIF ERIKSON, there is no reason in it for robbing COLUMBUS of his honors. Even our correspondent's story shows that the discovery by LEIF, and the subsequent visits to Vineland, were practically unknown to the commercial nations of Europe. COLUMBUS made this continent known to them, and the discovery was speedily availed of by Spain, France, Holland and England. The man who discovers a good thing and does not make it available is not entitled to the honor that pertains to him who again discovers it and brings it to the notice of the world.

THE result of the late municipal elections in Michigan has been a heavy disappointment to the administration. Since DON DICKINSON, who assumes to carry the Wolverine Democracy in his pocket, was promoted to the Postmaster Generalship, his zeal to serve his new master has been much increased; and his bosom friend and political partner, Chairman WESTON, made a pilgrimage not long ago to Washington, where he gave out portentous utterances as to the tremendous gains for the Democrats which would be shown by the spring elections. The result shows a dismal failure of the hopes and plans of DON and himself. The Republicans were considerably the gainers, on the whole; and the bungling way in which WESTON managed the local campaign in Grand Rapids, where he escaped defeat for the mayoralty (himself the Democratic candidate) by the small majority of nine votes, is taken as a sample of the way in which the fall campaign will be managed.

A WASHINGTON correspondent thus shows up the insincerety and partiality of the supporters of the Mills tariff bill:

> The disgraceful bargaining by which Mills and his colleagues are trying to save the Sugar Trust is becoming instructive. In order to gain the votes of the Louisiana members they are willing to strengthen the trust at the expense of millions of people who do not live in Louisiana. The election in that state comes off soon, and the congressional have been pointing out that Warmoth will surely be elected governor and Republicans sent to the Senate unless the sugar monopolists there feel assured that the Democratic Congress will take care of them.

And he might have added, with equal truth, that the same sort of work is going on with the wool schedule to save the Ohio Democrats.

RHODE ISLAND has a majority of voters in favor of Prohibition, as was shown by the adoption a year or so ago of the Prohibitory amendment to the constitution. But there are but few of them who believe in a political Prohibition party. At the late state election, the total-third party vote was only 1,335 out of a total vote in the state of 40,000—only one-thirtieth. This is but an illustration of what is true every state. The masses of Prohibitionists object to making it a political question, supported by a separate party.

THE Southern filibusters in the House of Representatives declare that the bill refunding the direct tax must be coupled with a provision to refund to the South the cotton tax collected by the government during the war, or they will prevent its passing. This was the only revenue the federal government could collect in the rebellious states, and the demand is about as reasonable as would be one to pay the rebels for the time and the property lost in their unsuccessful effort to destroy the Union.

GOVERNOR HILL'S expected letter declining to be a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination will never see the light. The result of the Rhode Island election showed DAVID that GROVER'S message didn't enthuse the people.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is presentingdaily a Republican Presidential ticket with ROBERT T. LINCOLN for first place and a select assortment of eligible and strong Republicans from various sections for the second.

IF the MILLS bill is "protective," as is claimed by its fool advocates at Washington, why are the men who are avowed free traders all supporting it with hysterical unanimity?

THE PEOPLE'S INDICTMENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S FINANCIAL POLICY.

I. The Democratic party has, ever since the war, bitterly inveighed against what it terms "excessive taxation," and has constantly promised that, if put in power, it would "reduce" it; yet it has failed to keep the promise.

Twenty-two years have elapsed since the enormous war expense of the nation ceased to be needed. For one-half that time—eleven years—the Democratic party has had full control of all financial legislation through the possession of a majority in the House of Representatives, in which body, by a constitutional provision, all revenue legislation must originate; yet what has it done towards reducing the revenue? During the eleven years of Republican control of the House, the annual revenue was reduced $362,504,563. During the eleven years of Democratic control, it was reduced but $8,368,935.

II The Democratic party has refused to consider any plan of revenue reduction that does not involve the prostration of American industries, and a reduction of the American workingman to the level of his ill-paid, poorly-clothed and badly-fed European fellow-workman.

No plan of revenue reduction has received the support of the Democracy, as a party, that conserves American interests. Its efforts have been directed to the establishment of the policy of buying our manufactured goods of European countries, in order that the importers of the East may build up gigantic fortunes, and the millions of American people depending upon wages for their support shall be made poorer, by being deprived of the opportunity to work altogether, or by having their wages cut down.

As our country grows in population and wealth, the present tariff laws, if unchanged, gradually produce more revenue—for the more numerous our people become, the more they purchase of foreign goods and luxuries Our gain in population is about 3 per cent. a year; and the natural increase of revenue, under existing laws, increases in about the same ratio, which gives about $11,000,000 yearly. During the eleven years of Democratic supremacy, this increase has gone on, and we now have about eleven times $11,000,000, or $120,000,000 annual surplus, chargeable entirely to Democratic lack of business capacity in the nation's affairs.

It is entirely possible to so revise our revenue laws as to afford the needful amount of protection to American labor and American industries, and yet reduce the revenue to a figure which will avoid the piling up of the surplus. But the Democratic party, as a party, has steadfastly refused to consider any such steps.

III. The Democratic party has failed to continue the payment of the public debt, though possessing ample legal power to do so.

Any business man who had debts bearing heavy interest would, as soon as he had money not needed in his daily business, go and pay off some of his notes, lightening his debts and lessening the interest burden. He would be a fool to keep his pockets stuffed with idle money. Yet this is exactly what the Democratic party and Democratic President have done. There are no bonds subject to call till 1891; but there is express authority of law for the government to go on the market and buy bonds, thus reducing the debt that much, and stopping interest on the bonds bought. Previous Republican administrations, with strict business methods, have done so at times when no bonds were subject to call.

But this plan does not suit the free trade President. The pretense is advanced that, as the law authorizing such purchases was part of an appropriation bill for a specific year, it is not operative. So the surplus goes on accumulating, the treasury is choked with idle money, and, worse than all, the secretary of the Treasury is loaning it out to banks, *without interest!* Can the record of blundering incapacity go further? Yes; for a bill has been passed by the Republican Senate, expressly declaring that the law authorizing bond purchases is in full force, which the Democratic House has shelved instead of passing!

And all this in the face of the fact that the government can save money by buying bonds in the market. Here is the proof: United States 4½ per cent. bonds sold at New York on April 2 at 106½. A $1,000 bond thus costs $1,065. It bears 4½ per cent. interest and is due September 1, 1891. Here is the showing. The United States will pay, if that bond runs to maturity:

Principal	$1,000 00
Interest at 4½ % (3 years, 5 mo.)	153 91
Total	$1 153 91
Cost of bond now	1,065 00
Saved to government	$ 88 91

If the government can save $88 91 on every thousand dollars of its debt, it takes only a simple sum in multiplication to show how much it will save by buying a hundred million or so of them.

IV. Professing detestation of the Republican financial policy, the Democratic party has failed utterly to shape one of its own, and any departure from Republican precedents has been a dismal failure.

This count is simply a historical fact. Twenty-two years ago, at the close of the war, the national revenue was $520,000,000 annually. This, by the natural increase noted above, in the eleven years the Republican party held power after that date, would have been increased to $640,000,000 annually. In its eleven years of control the Republican party cut off $362,000,000 of the annual revenue—more than half; it cut down governmental expenses and interest account to $237,000,000, leaving $40,000,000 a year to be applied to paying the debt. It carried out this policy right along, and used all the surplus also in debt cancellation.

The Democratic party paid off the bonds as long as they were subject to call, but then departed from Republican precident; did no purchase and retire bonds; did not refund the debt, or take any measure to reduce the debt; let the surplus accumulate; has failed to pass any measure to reduce the revenue; is forced to loan out millions of the people's money, without interest, to avoid a financial panic; and is now wrangling over a reduction bill which it can not pass, and which is repudiated by the people.

There is no remedy but a return to Republican rule, and business management of the nation's finances. The indictment given above is enough to damn any party with the people. It is a record of false pretenses, of blundering incapacity, of lack of ordinary business sense in the management of the people's affairs. All the intelligent voters of the nation must rally to defeat a continuance of such an incompetent party in power, in order that the nation shall not be plunged into financial wreck.

THE actual capital invested by the Sugar Trust is $15,000,000. The nominal capital stock is $45,000,000. The trust has been in existence but five months, yet it has just declared a dividend of 2½ per cent. on this watered capital. That is, the neat little sum of $1,125,000 has been stolen from the people in five months. Crush the trusts!

THE Democratic Congressmen are between the devil and the deep sea as regards the Mills free trade bill. CLEVELAND and his minions are hounding them down in the effort to compel its support, while their constituents are asking them to vote against it, and threatening them with defeat at the polls if they dare aid its passage.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

Sewing Machines—The Coal Tariff.

A correspondent at Fargo, Dakota, sends us the following query:

What is the duty levied upon sewing machines which are imported to the United States from foreign countries?

Also, what would be the effect upon the sewing machine industry if the duties were removed?

What is the tariff on coal, and what would be the condition of the coal trade in the United States if the tariff were removed?

The duty on all machinery "not specially enumerated," which includes sewing machines, is 45 per cent. ad valorem. There is no specific duty. We do not think the removal of the duty on sewing machines would have any effect, for these reasons: The sewing machine is an American invention, and there is no foreign-made machine that is as good as those patented and made in America. The original patents have expired long ago, of course, but there are hundreds of patents existing covering all the improvements on modern machines. No foreign machine could be imported which violated an American patent; hence no foreign machine could be brought in that any lady would use for a moment if she could get an improved machine of American make, because they are so inferior. Competition in this country is so great, too, that a first-class machine can be bought from $18 up, and hence the price cuts no particular figure in the matter. When we recall that fifteen years ago a machine that now sells from $18 to $25 could not be bought for less than $45, and that the newer machines are far superior to the best then made, it does not seem that anybody is suffering over the matter.

Anthracite coal is on the free list, as we have stated several dozen times. See U. S. Revised Statutes, Section 2503. Bituminous coal is to be found in section 2502, Schedule N, and the paragraph relating to it reads as follows:

> Coal, bituminous, and shale, 75 cents per ton of 28 bushels, 70 pounds to the bushel. A drawback of 75 cents per ton shall be allowed on all bituminous coal imported into the United States which is subsequently used as fuel on board of vessels propelled by steam which are engaged in the coasting trade of the United States, or in the trade with foreign countries, to be allowed and paid under such regulations as the secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe.

The effect of taking off the duty would be to cause an importation of coal from Nova Scotia, and other foreign points nearest to us. It would render coal cheaper in the seaport cities, and for a few miles around them, but would have no effect in the West or any other portion of the great interior, because railway freights from the seaboard are too high. The coal business of the country—both anthracite which pays no duty, and bituminous which does—is in the hands of a ring, or trust. Congressman SCOTT, of Pennsylvania, who is a noted free trade Democrat, being one of the leading members of this ring. It is significant, too, that the Mills tariff bill does not reduce the duty on coal. Mr. SCOTT took care of that. Were the duty reduced, or even stricken off, it would be used as a pretext by the ring to reduce the wages of coal miners, while the consumers would reap no benefit. The thing to do to cheapen coal is to crush out the rings, and make the producers compete with one another. Here is a paragraph from an eastern mugwump and free trade journal, which clearly exhibits the methods by which coal is kept up in price:

> The coal barons who control the anthracite output have fixed up their usual spring agreement that is to govern the amount mined and the price to be exacted for the coming year. It is well to make a note of this, in view of the famines actual or threatened, which now come as regularly as winter through strikes, lockouts and other causes. The plain facts are that these men have conspired to dribble out their fuel, to so limit production and output as to keep prices well up and the public at their mercy every four of the winter months. In order to the better evade the laws relating to pools and conspiracies they have this time only made a verbal agreement, and there is no reason to suppose it will not be as effective as a written one.

Imports of Farm Products.

A subscriber at Marton, Mich., desires more light as to a statement made by a correspondent of the BLADE to the effect that we import farm products to the value of $60,000,000 annually, and says prominent free traders there say we do not import any that can be raised here.

We have before us the Treasury statement of imports and exports for February of this year, just issued. We quote the following from it:

| Articles imported. | —VALUES.— |

MORE BACKBONE NEEDED.

The United States government has again been made the laughing-stock of the world. The war vessel Enterprise was sent to Tangier to demand the release of an imprisoned Moor, claiming to be entitled to our protection. The commander, however, had orders not to proceed to hostilities, and the semi-savage Bey, as soon as he learned this fact, treated the demand for his release with contempt and ridicule.

The special correspondent of the New York *World* at Tangier, in detailing this state of affairs, further says that he has been in many parts of the world, but never until now has he acquiesced in the saying of so many American travelers that, when abroad, it is better to be under British protection. This fact has been the shame of the Americans in every part of the world. There is no spot where the British ensign is not looked upon with fear or respect, while the stars and stripes are flouted. To declare one's self an American citizen is, in many parts of the earth to announce yourself as the prey of whomever may desire to oppress or despoil you.

This has been our traditional foreign policy ever since the days of our weakness and national infancy. It should be changed. The name of being a British subject is a protection anywhere in the world. There is no man so poor and obscure that if he can make his claim good to being entitled to the protection of Great Britain, she will defend him to the uttermost, even if she has to go to war to do it. It is a part of England's national policy. Had the Tangier case been that of an Englishman instead of an American, and a British man-of-war been sent to demand his release, the town would promptly have been shelled had he not been given up forthwith.

It is a burning shame that the United States does not take this self-respecting stand. An American citizen's right should be maintained in any part of the habitable globe. As it is, knowing the absolute pusillanimity of our foreign policy, the American who desires to travel outside of continental Europe, as a rule puts himself under British protection. When JAMES G. BLAINE was secretary of State, he took some steps which seemed to indicate that he proposed that the United States should assert her powers and dignity in extending proper protection to her citizens, both native and naturalized, in foreign countries, but he was met with a storm of objurgation because of his "jingoism," as the Democratic mud-slingers misnamed his patriotic intent. But all the same we need exactly that kind of a policy, and the sooner we have it the better.

THE SPOILS SYSTEM IN INDIANA.

The New York *World*, Democratic, is talking very vigorously about the nullification of the civil service law by Democratic officials in the state of Indiana. A specimen of this is in the conduct of Postmaster JONES, of Indianapolis, who said that he cared nothing about the civil service law, that he should appoint Democrats every time and to every office he could make vacant. He was as good as his word, and he is still retained in office. Mr. CLEVELAND allows him to go on without rebuke, caution or reminder. The *World* don't seem so anxious that the law shall be observed as that the Democratic party shall not be weakened. It bases its fight simply on party expediency. It says:

> Nearly every federal office in Indiana was surrendered to clamorous spoils-hunters before the administration had been two years in power. Upon the theory of these politicians the Democratic party should have been "built up" and "strengthened" by this distribution of the "fruits of victory." But whereas Indiana gave Cleveland 6,500 majority in 1884, it gave the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor 3,324 plurality in 1886, and a gain to the Republicans of three members of Congress.
>
> In addition to making Indiana more doubtful than ever, the policy of spoils distribution has offended the reform vote in other states and made the saving of it to the Democrats this year depend upon the nomination by the Republicans of a Presidential candidate from whom nothing better could be hoped.

The trouble in Indiana is that too many Democrats in that state want office. There were not enough to go round. There were far more disappointed and chagrined aspirants than there were successful ones. These and their friends would secretly rejoice to see the state go Republican, in order to convince the appointing power that they were the men who should have been provided for. Then, every intelligent Indianian who favors civil service reform—and they are many—is disgusted over the matter. Indiana is splendid Republican fighting ground this year.

SPRING is opening finely at last, and the farmers of the North and West are rejoicing. It has been, so far, a very late season over a very large area, and farm work is an extremely backward state in the great grain-growing states. It by no means follows as a necessity from this that a proportionately smaller area will be put under cultivation, as the knowledge of the arrearages may operate as a stimulus to redoubled exertions, particularly if the farmer gets to banking on the theory that a crop shortness is likely to result from the lateness of the start. There is no guessing at the possibilities of the American farmer when put on his metal in the matter of spreading his work over a maximum of land. It is the rule in every line of cultivation that, if nature permits, he will every year raise a little more, thus creating an excess of supply, though the whole value of the excess is subdivided as a dead loss on the value of a merely adequate supply.

AN order has been made in the United States Supreme court assigning Justice HARLAN to the fourth judicial circuit, vice Chief Justice WAITE, deceased. The circuit is composed of the states of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. This assignment is a compliment to Mr. HARLAN, which will be appreciated by his friends.

RUMOR at Washington has it that the President will a new chief justice speedily; that the nominee will be an Eastern man, probably from New York; and that the great unknown will be so satisfactory to all that the Senate will be constrained to act promptly in his confirmation. We devoutly hope rumor is correct as regards the fitness of the nominee.

ONE would suppose that the cares of state in the British Empire would be enough to occupy Queen VICTORIA'S entire time, but she is devoting much energy to meddling in the internal affairs of the Empire of Germany and the matrimonial settlement of her granddaughter. She will not find BISMARCK as pliable as English statesmen.

THE third-party Prohibitionists struck a bargain with the Democrats at the Lincoln, Nebraska, municipal election, and the two put up a ticket, but the Republicans downed the alliance with ease. The third-party Nebraskans evidently are not afraid to have it understood that they are a tender to the Democratic Rum party.

DENMARK is forninst the American hog, and has resolved to exclude it from her markets. It makes the Danes too energetic to be fed upon the toothsome flesh of the Yankee porker

THE majority against the MILLS bill in the House will probably be from 15 to 20.

Where Women Can Vote.

Albany Journal.

Twenty years ago women could not vote anywhere. To-day they have full suffrage in Washington and Wyoming territories; municipal suffrage in Kansas; municipal suffrage (single women and widows) in England, Scotland, Ontario and Nova Scotia; and school suffrage in these fourteen of the United States: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Oregon and Wisconsin.

HON. S. B. ELKINS

UPON MR. BLAINE'S CANDIDACY.

Republican Sentiment Not Crystalized on Any One Else Since Blaine's Declination —None of the Other Candidates Any Stronger for It.

"Gath," the noted correspondent, in a letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* from New York, gives a long interview with an unnamed Republican leader in New York city, who is a friend of Mr. Blaine's, but who insisted upon his name being kept private. The internal evidence points plainly to Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, and we have not the slightest doubt but he is the gentleman interviewed. We quote some of the more important portions:

"To begin with," said I, "do you expect to see Blaine nominated?"

"I do not see what is to prevent it. All the signs indicate that the party has not selected any other man. They have had abundant chance since Blaine's letter, of declination, and yet the public mind has crystalized on nobody and nobody is far enough ahead in promise of support to take the nomination away.

"There is Sherman, who has been flying his banner as a candidate and inviting recruits, and still you see no general flocking to him. Ohio may go for him this time as her representative, but even there there seems to be a lukewarmness. It is not Blaine's fault that people like him and refuse to supplant him in their minds with other good men. Look at Vermont last Wednesday, which has been the pet state of Mr. Edmunds, and rather an attachment for some years to the fastidious kind of Republicanism which emanated from the city of Boston. The convention meets and chooses its delegates, and Mr. Edmundt is not mentioned. The whole house hurrans for Mr. Blaine.

"That is the way sentiment is running. They may say that we, Blaine's friends, are working it up, but in the very same paragraph they will print that Blaine has a dangerous popularity. That is just what it is. It is Blaine running himself in spite of himself, and he has been running ever since 1876, and he was the popular candidate then. If they had let him get the nomination at that time he would have been out of the way some time ago. But these insults to Blaine, refusing to believe that he has any patriotism, nagging him all the while, bring the people up to his support. Another generation has got acquainted with him and likes him."

"Now," said I to my distinguished informant, "has Blaine not weakened himself if he means to run by taking himself out of the road formally. Nobody called on him to write that letter to Jones. If his name is presented again will not his opponents say that he is a trickster and never means what he says? In short, will he not be a happier man in the private station than going through another Presidential trouble, and if successful having the whole responsibility of this country on his hands?"

"As to his being happier, of that I have no doubt at all. But whether he is weakened by being nominated in spite of himself I will not say. If you like I will go back and show you that Blaine did not want to run in 1884."

"If he did not want to run, what was he always running for?"

"He did want to be nominated in 1876 and in 1880. In those years his friends made an honest, frank fight in his behalf and were in communication with him. But in 1884 it was neither his judgment nor his inclination to be the candidate. At that time he was writing his book, and had become enamored of literary quietness and methods."

[Here the gentleman went on to explain that Blaine wished him to write a letter in March, 1884, declining to be a candidate; but Logan heard of it, declared that he wished Blaine to stay in the field; and that, by dint of persuasion, Blaine was kept in the field.],

"He let the matter stand, but he said to me: 'I have looked for this nomination for the past eight years, but if I take it this year every chance is against me.'"

"What reason did he give for the chances being against him in 1884?"

"Why, the dissatisfaction of the party in 1876 when Hayes was nominated, and in 1880, when Garfield was nominated, had demoralized the party. Neither of those candidates was the choice of the people. They were both accidents of conventions. In 1876 Blaine had the convention, and the other candidates united their forces and brought in another quantity, and Mr. Hayes was put up without being any body's choice, and coming in while the people came to vote he hardly pulled through, and it took a special tribunal to adjudicate in his favor.

"In 1880 the public was either for Grant or against Grant, and next to Grant they wanted Blaine. That is to say, they were between Grant and Blaine. Sherman was no candidate, as far as the public went. The convention nominated Garfield. Consequently the young, vigorous political elements felt that they were being disappointed by these conventions which were bringing up unforeseen, incidental people for the Presidential office. Now, these dissatisfactions had demoralized the constituencies wherever there was a struggle. Hayes made a platform of his own, and, had a quarrel on his hands all the time and a cabinet that was not liked by the party men. Garfield and Conkling had a quarrel, and the New York delegation resigned. After all these misfortunes the attacks on Hayes within the party and the death of Garfield made it felt that it was no time for him to get that nomination he would have desired in such years as 1876 and 1880.

"Blaine's prospects, if he were the nominee this summer, are certainly better than they were four years ago. His character has been digested in quarters where he was very imperfectly understood. The centers of hostility to Blaine four years ago were Massachusetts and Vermont, New York and Connecticut. Massachusetts resented a very trivial thing about Blaine making a speech on the occasion of a statue being given to the government from Blaine's own state. For a good while they felt that he was trying to quarrel with them. In the intervening time the Republicans have been strengthened in Massachusetts, and to-day Mr. Blaine is the favorite of that state unquestionably. The governor, who has been elected by an increased majority, is his pronounced friend, and no man would enter the city of Boston to-day with as much gratulation as this man against whom there was such a large wugwump uprising.

"Mr. Edmunds was presented by the state of Vermont, which had a good deal of pride in his prominence before the country. Not being nominated, he behaved in such a way that the Republicans of Vermont felt grieved, and in the intervening four years you find that Mr. Blaine is the first choice of Vermont, and Mr. Edmunds is not mentioned in the convention. Now, what had Blaine to do with that transaction? It shows that Blaine's character, genius and good nature have worked their way through this country like good yeast. New York has no candidate but Mr. Depew, and the first choice of Mr. Depew is Mr. Blaine. Connecticut had a kind of Edmunds and Hawley boom four years ago, and now Blaine stands relatively as well there as in any of the doubtful states I have named.

"Then this free trade issue raised at Washington demonstrates Blaine to be the American champion. There are other men who are bright to discuss that question, but Blaine is the representative of the laboring man and manufacturing interest, the general system of American markets."

Said I: "Did you not notice that in the Vermont convention, though there was a pretty good shout too for Depew?"

"Yes; and Depew is a first-rate fellow. But he told me but a little while ago that he was going to the Chicago convention as a delegate at large for Mr. Blaine, and nobody else. He said they might leave him out of the delegation, but they could not prevent him from going there as an outside member and doing his shouting in the lobbies."

"Then you do not think that he has withdrawn?"

"Now, that is not a fair question, after what I have said. I mean to say that Blaine is not running for President, but that, if the convention should declare him the candidate, and he was at home in his own country, these feelings might not prevail to the extent of his sending a flat refusal. Indeed, nobody has ever declined the Presidential office. Mr. Adams said take him out of that crowd in 1872, but the crowd had not put him in nomination when he said so. Mr. Seymour said: 'Your candidate I can not be,' but that was for the old office of governor, which he had had before. I simply tell you that there is no Blaine movement on foot which has any leading-strings in it. And yet I am satisfied that Blaine is altogether the strongest man before his own party in the land. What strings can any of us pull," said my informant, with a little passion, "that will be anything like equal to the popularity of this man if left alone? What power have I got to do anything in his favor? Here, he has declined the presidency, or the nomination, and still there is no candidate at all liable to get the nomination that we can see at present. I am merely a free man, and can express my opinions without being a conspirator, and I say that all the facts inform me that Blaine is immeasurably the favorite for the nomination next time."

PLENTY OF CANDIDATES.

Republican Presidential Combinations as Selected Up to Date.

Below will be found a complete list of the several candidates for the Republican nomination for the presidency and the combinations made by friends of the candidates and printed in the newspapers. All of the names and tickets are genuine in that they have all been printed by some newspaper:

CANDIDATES.

Maine—Blaine, Hale.
Vermont—Edmunds.
Massachusetts—John D. Long.
Connecticut—Hawley.
New York—Conkling, Depew, Evarts, Hiscock.
New Jersey—W. W. Phelps.
Pennsylvania—Gov. Beaver, Senator Cameron, George W. Childs, Senator Quay.
Ohio—Gov. Foraker, Gen. Sheridan, Senator Sherman.
Indiana—Judge Gresham, ex-Senator Harrison, ex-Gov. Porter.
Illinois—Senator Cullom, ex-Secretary Lincoln, Gov. Oglesby.
Iowa—Senator Allison, Justice Miller.
Michigan—Gov. Alger, Senator Palmer.
Wisconsin—Gov. Rusk, Gen. Fairchild.
Minnesota—Ex-Secretary Ramsey, Senator Sabin, Ex-Secretary Windom.
Kansas—Senator Ingalls.
Nebraska—Ex-Senator Van Wyck.
California—Senator Stanford.
Kentucky—Justice Harlan.

THE TICKETS.

ALLISON and Cameron, Depew, Evarts, Hawley, Hiscock, Morton, Phelps,	GRESHAM and Beaver, Cameron, Carr, Childs, Depew, Edmunds, Evarts, Fitler, Hawley, Hiscock Long, Morton, Phelps, Quay, Wise.
CAMERON and Alger, Cullom, Foraker, Gresham, Harrison, Ingalls.	HARRISON and Beaver, Bradley, Depew, Foraker, Hale, Hawley, Hiscock, Phelps, Quay, Sherman.
DEPEW and Alger, Allison, Cameron, Cullom, Fairchild, Foraker, Gresham, Harrison, Ingalls, Lincoln, Miller, Oglesby, Porter, Washburn.	LINCOLN and Foraker, Cameron, Depew, Hawley, Long, Butterworth.
EDMUNDS and Allison, Foraker, Gresham, Harrison, Lincoln.	PHELPS and Gresham, Harrison, Ingalls.
FORAKER and Fitler, Hawley, Phelps.	SHERMAN and Allison, Depew, Edmunds, Harrison, Hawley, Hiscock, Ingalls, Warmoth, Wise.
HAWLEY and Alger, Allison, Foraker, Gresham, Harrison, Lincoln.	

LABORERS ABROAD.

The Effect of Free Trade Upon the Workingmen of England.

National Tribune.

A comrade who now resides in Liverpool writes us a long private letter, in which he says: "I have just received the *Tribune* of January 19, in an editorial in which you speak of the price of clothing. You are in error in imagining that clothing is cheaper here. The same quality of clothing costs the same in Liverpool as in Chicago. I know, because I have worked in both cities and bought clothing in both. Clothing in Chicago is just as cheap and just as good as it is here.

"When you speak about wages, you must remember that it is only the first-class laborers here who get as high as 20s., that is, $5 a week. Only one in a hundred does this well. I say to you and all other Americans, 'Keep up the tariff, whatever else you do.' I send you some copies of the Liverpool papers in which you will find marked articles showing how England expects to make out of the reduction of your tariff. I cannot understand how any American or any Irishman can vote to enrich England at the expense of his country. It seems to me that everything is better and cheaper there than here.

"For example, you cannot get a postal card for one half-penny or a cent, as you can in America. You must buy either six or twelve at a time. Twelve half-penny postal cards cost seven pence half-penny, that is 15 cents. One dozen penny postal cards cost 14 pence half-penny, that is 29 cents. If you want to keep a horse you have to pay horse watch-tax of one pound, a one-pound road tax, and another pound if you want to use the horse for pleasure; that is, to take any one but yourself out. I notice that the cab, 'bus and street-car drivers work 78 hours a week for from 12s. to 14s. A man working in a tea store 80 hours a week gets 20s., boiler-makers 28s., carpenters 24s. to 25s., but a man has to be first-class to get as good wages as these. Book keepers and specially good hands are all that get over 20s. a week.

"I want to put this matter before the working people and say to all Americans, 'Do you want to work for such wages?' If you do not, then keep up the present tariff. Protect home industries. Help yourself. Look after your own interests and only vote for such men as will raise rather than lower the tariff.' If you could only see the idle poor people of England you would be surprised. The poorhouses in Liverpool are filled to overflowing; in fact, this is true everywhere else in England, and I believe in the whole United Kingdom. If the Americans lower the tariff it will simply set to work the idle people of England and reduce those of America to idleness, bringing poverty and distress throughout the whole of that prosperous country.

"It is far better even to enrich American manufacturers—which will help American workingmen—than it is to feed fat the British manufacturers at the expense of those of the United States. The people here are weary of a government in which the Queen costs £400,000, the Prince of Wales £180,000, and which maintains an army of 250,000 regulars and 280,000 volunteers to blot out the freedom of the people. The English lords and manufacturers are anxious to crush out the American manufactures, even as they have crushed out American commerce and shipbuilding. Lord Salisbury said in his speech January 10 at Hengler's Circus in this city, 'We are soon to have free trade with America. Then the unemployed will find work, and our mills and factories will all be started again.'

"I want the veterans of the late war to look this question squarely in the face and consider well the interests of their country. Let them stand firm against the reduction of the revenue, any modification of the tariff, until the country pays off its debts to the veterans and to the bondholders. Let there be no reduction until the equalization of bounties bill, the arrears of pension bill, the disability bill and other bills are passed, and the money provided to carry them out.

"The common people here are all very restive under the burdens that the government heaps upon them. They are tired of the enormous expense of the royal paupers and are eager for a republic."

At Jamestown, N. Y., the grist mill of C. T. Jones, at East Jamestown, was destroyed by fire early this morning. Loss $75,000; insurance $50,000.

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. Overwork, anxiety, disease, lay the foundation of nervous prostration and weakness, and experience has shown that the usual remedies do not meet the strain and paralysis of the nervous system.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for circulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
BURLINGTON, VT.

THE "DARK HORSES"

IN THE POLITICS OF THE PAST.

A Backward Glance at Presidential Nominations—The "Dark Horse" Wins Oftener Than the Favorite.

New York Graphic.

It will be fifty-seven years next September since the first national nominating convention was held in the United States. It was called by the anti-Masons, and met in Baltimore. William Wirt was nominated for President, and Amos Ellmaker for Vice President. Prior to that period all the political parties selected their candidates in an informal sort of a way. Members of Congress caucused in Washington, and state legislatures declared for favorite sons or great leaders, but in 1824 a death blow was dealt to the close corporation system, and the people took the matter in their own hands. In that year the Democrats in Congress almost unanimously nominated W. H. Crawford. Then the era of "dark horses" began. Some of the state legislatures raised their voices against Mr. Crawford, and Andrew Jackson was their choice. Other legislatures named Henry Clay, and the contest opened between the three great men. Yet John Quincy Adams, whose name had only been mentioned in a sort of desultory way, won the Presidency from them all. He was a veritable dark horse.

The first Democratic national convention was held on May 12, 1832, in Baltimore, and Andrew Jackson on that day received his last nomination.

Four years later, in the same city, on May 20, at the second national convention of the party, Martin Van Buren was made the candidate. He was a dark horse, for the party long before the date of the gathering in Baltimore, had settled upon John C. Calhoun, the eminent South Carolina statesman, as their standard-bearer. But "Polly Eaton" and Andrew Jackson were too strong for the party, and Mr. Calhoun was set aside.

There never were two greater political accidents in this country than General William Henry Harrison and John Tyler, and yet in 1840, the year of the great Whig uprising—the year of hard cider, log cabins, and coon skins—they were actually laughed into office as President as Vice-President—defeating Van Buren and Tazewell, who were supposed to be the strongest of candidates. While General Harrison could be decidedly called a dark horse as compared with those peerless leaders of the Whig party, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, he was not nearly so much so as John Tyler, of Virginia, who was placed on the ticket for Vice-President, and who served out three years and eleven months of the Presidential term.

In 1844, on the 27th of May, at Baltimore, James K. Polk, of Tennessee, carried off the Democratic nomination. He was a very dark horse, indeed. He had, it is true, been a member of Congress and had held the position of Speaker of the House when that office didn't mean much, but he was not in any sense a leader of Democracy. He was absolutely unknown to nineteen-twentieths of the people of the United States, and the question was asked everywhere, "Who is Polk?" Against him in the convention had been pitted Van Buren, Buchanan, Cass, Calhoun, Richard M. Johnson, Levi Woodbury and Commodore Stewart, yet the comparatively unknown man was sprung upon the assemblage of the Democracy and chosen as its leader. Not only was he nominated, but this man whom it was said all through the campaign "nobody knew" won the Presidency from that pre-eminent statesman and popular leader, Henry Clay.

Old Zachary Taylor, who was elected President on the Whig ticket in 1848, was in no sense a politician. Indeed, he had never voted in his life. But he had been a successful soldier in the Mexican war, and in the Whig convention won the prize for which such great Whig leaders as Webster, Clay, and others were struggling. When the election came he won with hands down against the great Democratic statesman of the Northwest, Lewis Cass. And that result broke the hearts of Henry Clay and Lewis Cass, and helped to hurry them to their graves.

In 1852 the Whigs took up their second Mexican war hero in the person of Gen. Scott, but the Democracy had caught on to the dark-horse idea, and Franklin Pierce, who had not been mentioned in the convention until the 35th ballot, was nominated, although none of the political experts of the day imagined, before the convention met, that he would be chosen. For years the name of William L. Marcy had been conspicuously mentioned in connection with the Presidency, and in 1852 he had been particularly desirous of receiving the honor. The convention of that year was the last before which his name was prominently presented, as it was the first one in which the name of Stephen A. Douglas was brought before the country as a Presidential aspirant. The Republican party, which first loomed up as a power in politics in 1856, has been pre-eminently successful with dark horses.

John C. Fremont, the young pathfinder, yet hale and hearty in his old age, came very near snatching victory from the grasp of James Buchanan. Although Abraham Lincoln may have expected at some time to be chosen President, it is certain that he never was an active aspirant for the office in the sense in which Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckinridge and William H. Seward were in 1860, or in which Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Wm. L. Marcy and Silas Wright were a decade earlier. Yet the Illinois statesman was selected in preference to Chase, Seward, Cameron, Bates, Wade, McLean, and others who had rounded the party. This is a classic instance of dark-horse success. Lincoln had served one term in Congress many years before. He was in no sense a political leader, yet he was successful against the divided Democracy with such eminent candidates as Breckinridge, Douglas, and John Bell.

Gen. Grant, who had gained the highest distinction in the war of the rebellion, was an old-line Democrat. He had never been a politician, and was considered as a political possibility by both parties, but was nominated by the Republicans because their convention came first, and they had the choice of men. Nothing could stand before the Union veteran, who nominated Grant in 1872, but the Democrats selected as his opponent the darkest of all dark horses, Horace Greeley. He had never even belonged to the Democratic party, and if ever a man had criticised its leaders and doctrines with unfailing and unsparing severity it was the one who in 1872 they chose as their leader in that famous political campaign.

The history of the later days is known to every young man in the land. In 1876 the obstacles to any political leader ever obtaining the Presidency seemed to stand out more prominently than ever before. Bristow, Morton, and Conkling were passed, and R. B. Hayes, of Ohio, who had been mentioned here and there as a compromise candidate, swept aside the leaders of the party and was elected against the great statesman and sage of the Democracy, Samuel J. Tilden.

The same old story was retold in 1880. When could have foreseen a month before the assembling of the Chicago convention of that year that James A. Garfield would be the nominee? A battle among the leaders resulted in the selection of a man who had been scarcely thought of when the convention assembled. The second place on the ticket was given to a still darker horse, Gen Arthur, of New York, and late made him President, whom no one had ever dreamed about for the office.

Take the case of President Cleveland himself. A few years ago no one would have suggested the possibility of Mr. Cleveland becoming a great political leader. He had been a good mayor of Buffalo and a good governor of New York, but he had never been at the nation's capital more than a week, and was an absolute stranger to the public men of the country. Yet he was nominated because the Democracy assumed that he would be stronger in the pivotal state of New York than any other man named would be. Think of the names piled up in the convention against him: Thurman, Hendricks, Bayard, Randall, and the others, all of whom the politicians and the world at large had known for years. But Mr. Cleveland was named, and he won against the brightest and most magnificent leader the Republican party ever possessed. So the dark horses have generally done well.

Poison in Human Teeth.

The poison conveyed by the human teeth is found by physicians to be one of the most troublesome they have to deal with. One of them writes: "I have under my attention severe and most complicated cases of blood poisoning, in which the patient had but slightly abraded the hand in the course of a fight by striking the knuckles against the teeth of his opponent. I have known hands thus poisoned only saved from amputation by the application of all the resources of science."

Somewhat Dull.

She, blushing slightly—"Do you know, George, I've heard it said that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for headache?" He, with monumental stupidity—"A headache is something I never had."

★ A LAST RESORT. ★

The following narrative of the suffering and cure of Bright's Disease will prove interesting to the readers of this paper. G. C. Bartholomew, of Kalkaska, Mich., says: I located in this place five years ago, having formerly resided in Troy, N. Y. My friends there, as well as here, know that I have been a great sufferer from what the physicians of Troy called

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

As a last resort I commenced the use of Dr. David Kennedy's favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. The result is little short of a miracle. All the terrible symptoms of this disease are gone. I owe everything to this medicine. I do not have any more pain in the small of the back, no more soreness over the bladder, no more constipation of the bowels, no swelling of the limbs, and many other symptoms of disease of the Kidneys, Liver or Bladder. I hope my writing this will induce others to use the medicine who suffer from a Kidney or Blood disorder.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,
Rondout, N. Y. Price, $1; 6 for $5.

HOW SOME POSTAGE STAMPS SELL.

Curious Old Stamps Held at Hundreds of Dollars—Some Auction Prices Last Monday.

The prices obtained at auction and private sale for articles valuable only to one who rides a "hobby" are wonderful. Thousands of dollars for bric-a-brac, old furniture, plates, dishes, vases, books, paintings and lesser amounts for coins and postage stamps. These last, although financially not so interesting, still bring even high prices, if we consider the shortness of time during which postage stamps have been in use.

As an example, take the auction sale of January 16, this year, when for an original Brattleboro, Vt., stamp $226 was obtained. This is the highest price a postage stamp has ever sold at at auction in this country. But this stamp is not the most valuable stamp in existence, for, for the first issue of Mauritius from $500 to $1,000 is the estimated value. There are several other extremely rare stamps known, among which might be mentioned the first issue of the Sandwich islands, the first issue of New Caledonia used, and the first issue of the Isle Reunion, all of which are held at prices ranging from $200 up.

Then among the United States stamps there are some very rare and valuable ones, such as the Baltimore stamp of 1846, consisting simply of a fac-simile autographic signature of James M. Buchanan, the postmaster of Baltimore at the time, with 5 cents below, the whole enclosed in a frame of single lines and printed in black. Of these only ten specimens are known. They are valued at about $500 each. Another valuable stamp is the original unent 5-cent red envelope stamp of New Haven of 1845. Only one specimen is in existence, and it is valued at $500. The 5-cent black stamp of Millbury, of which only three specimens are known, is also valued at about $500. It is very seldom that these extreme rarities are offered at auction.

A curious thing in connection with rare stamps is the fact that there was one, issued by the postmaster of New York in 1845, a specimen of which has never yet been discovered. Of course, if one should be found it would command a very high price. The way this stamp is known is from a printed description published in the New York *Express* of July 8, 1845. It is there stated that the stamp was in use at that time. It probably remained in use only a few weeks, for on July 14 adhesive stamps were issued, which must have taken its place. It is described as being simply a hand stamp having as a design five cents above, and R. M. Morris (the New York postmaster) below, the imprint being in black and upon an envelope.

Last Monday evening an interesting auction sale of postage stamps was held at Bangs & Co.'s auction rooms, 739 Broadway. From 5,000 to 6,000 specimens were sold, netting altogether about $1,440. The attendance at the sale was very good, some 40 persons, mostly of mature age, being present. One of the largest buyers was the Scott Stamp & Coin Co. The collection had been the property of Mr. E. H. Sinsabaugh, of this city, and was noteworthy because of the number of unused stamps in it. In fact, all except a very few were uncancelled. None of the astounding varieties just mentioned were represented, but there were a number of the second degree of rarity.

Some of the most interesting prices, both to the collection and the general public, all the stamps sold being uncancelled, unless otherwise stated, were the following:

United States—Issue of 1866, 3 cents scarlet, $8.75; newspaper stamps, 1872, $12 green, cancelled with punch, $6.36 red, cancelled with punch, $11.25; $48 brown, cancelled with punch, $13.25; $60 violet, cancelled with punch, $14.75; New York, 1845, 3 cents, blue on glazed paper, $4.50; 1845, 5 cents black, without signature, $2.30; Providence, 10 cents black, unsevered, $15; carrier stamp, 1851, turquoise, 5 cents red, cancelled, $4.50; 1847, 10 cents red on white, $12; 10 cents red on amber, $7.75.

Bolivia—1867, 10c., brown, $7.50; 1876, 11 stars, 500c., black, $19. Dominican Republic—1862, 1 r., green, italic letters, $14. Great Britain, 1847, 1 shilling, $6.50; envelope stamp, Mulready first postage stamp ever issued, 1 penny, black wrapper, cancelled, $3.05; same, 2 penny, blue wrapper, cancelled, $5.10. Natal, 1857, 6 penny, blue, $21.50. Nova Scotia, 1857, 1 shilling, violet, 1850. Two Sicilies, issued during the time of Garibaldi, Arms, 5 tornese, blue, $80. United States of Colombia, 1872, 20c., red, $21. Bolivar, 1863, 10c., green, cancelled, $19.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE STUDY OF THE PLEIADES.

Wonderful Revelations of Heavenly Photography.

The discovery of the nebulous condition of the Pleiades has been an almost startling illustration of what may be learned by sheer perseverance in exposing sensitive plates to the sky. Nearly 30 years ago M. Tempel, an exceptionally cute observer, detected a flimsy veil thrown around and floating far back from the bright star Merope, and Mr. Common saw, with his three-foot reflector, at Ealing, in 1880, some substance of dark-horse success. Lincoln had served one term in Congress many years before. He was in no sense a political leader, yet he was successful against the divided Democracy with such eminent candidates as Breckinridge, Douglas, and John Bell.

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Somewhat Dull.

She, blushing slightly—"Do you know, George, I've heard it said that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for headache?" He, with monumental stupidity—"A headache is something I never had."

Struggle and Triumph.

A child was more than half of candy that her mother thought good for her. What was thought a proper share was doled out to her one day, and the rest put away on the high self of a cupboard beyond the child's reach. Her mother cautioned her not to attempt reaching it and left the room. Returning after a while, she looked into the room, standing where the child could not see her, and surveyed the scene. There stood the child, her feet on the first shelf, so which she had climbed by aid of a chair, and her hand grasping the candy, which she had reached to her lips. There it paused for a moment, the little face bent in earnest thought. Suddenly the candy flew from her lips and into the bag again as the child leaped from the shelf on to the chair and thence to the floor, where she struck an attitude and shouted exultantly: "There, God! I didn't eat it after all!"—*Boston Record.*

Whipping During Lent.

A small boy on Rhode Island avenue was naughty yesterday and his mother proceeded to reprove him with a slipper.

"Mamma!" he said, in smothered, plaintive, suggestive tones.

"Well," she replied, staying the avenging instrument of torture; "what is it?"

"Ain't this Palm Sunday?"

The mother dropped the slipper and took her bare hand.

Evolution.

A little fellow not three years old paralyzed his father, to the midst of a serious conversation the two were having, by saying: "Papa, when you were a monkey did you have a tail?"

Not Badly Said.

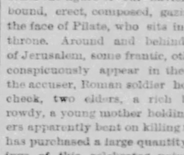
Mamma—"What can I do to induce you to go to bed?" Youngster—"You can let me sit up a little longer."

Publishers' Column.

FAMILY HOUSEHOLD BIBLE.

We have secured a bargain in a large purchase for cash, of a standard edition of the Bible. It contains the old and new Testaments with marginal references, and the psalms of David in metre. It is printed in large type, and size 7 by 10 when closed, convenient for every-day reading. The retail price is $3.00. We will send a copy postpaid by mail for $1.50. Or the Weekly BLADE one year, and a copy of the Bible for $2.40.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted oruntil further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

We have arranged to club this elegant Rand, McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Ever

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

ONE ABOUT READING.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

What to read and how to read are questions that come so often from those who are desirous to make the most of their time in obtaining some intellectual training, as to show that they are really of vital importance to many people. There is such a world of books in these days—such a mass of volumes upon all subjects, many of them of undeniable excellence, that it is no wonder that one starting out with a definite purpose to read to advantage finds himself almost paralyzed at the beginning.

In the old days when a book was a rarity and expressed no inconsiderable money value, when magazines were few and far between, and daily papers unknown, the difficulty in this direction was less. At the same time the possibilities were fewer, for unless there was case in the daily living, without question of ways and means, all kinds of literature were a luxury. To-day, however, good books are within the purchasing power of all ordinary people, and the public libraries in cities of afford splendid opportunities for an acquaintance with the best writers of all times.

"Yes, it is easy enough to get books," says the ambitious inquirer, "but who knows where to begin, and how can one tell in the mass what is needed in order to cultivate oneself in an equitable manner? Is there not danger of developing in one direction, becoming lop sided as it were, by simply following out their inclination?"

There is that danger, and yet if you have a decided taste for any one thing in the direction of history, science or art, it seems well to indulge it, providing it be done wisely and with method. You do not want to read—nobody who desires to make the most of the opportunities for improvement in this way should read indiscriminately, anything and everything that may chance to offer. If you do so, the result is a heterogeneous mass of information, a hodge podge of facts and fancies, that it is impossible to sort out for use when occasion requires. The persons who have always indulged in this haphazard sort of reading, always reminds me of certain bureau drawers with which I am familiar that need frequent turning over from the bottom—a work of time—in order to be able to find any one thing.

Not but that it is right to indulge in some miscellaneous reading. In fact it is quite necessary, both for recreation, and to keep up with current events that are making history, and with progress in art and literature. It is only the excess to which I object, the exclusive devotion to new publications, to daily papers, to current magazines. There can be no doubt that by this course, the memory is weakened, for no one feels that it is worth while to retain a tenth part of those things, which are really little else but rubbish.

Have some well-defined idea in regard to the general direction in which you desire your reading to go, and then keep to that, making little excursions, if you like, off from the main line, but returning to it again until you have gained enough of its beauties for your own, to render its following of some practical use to you in your future progress.

I do not, however, care so much how to tell you what to read as to make some suggestions about how to proceed in order to get the most good out of everything. One cannot take up a book, paper or magazine without finding it teeming with references, illustrations and suggestions, which to the average reader are absolutely strange, and without meaning, or, at least, with such an undefined one often, as to be absolutely tantalizing. Even if it be understood, its source is unknown, and that fact robs one of half the pleasure it might give.

A writer in *Book Chat* says:

There are but three requisites to a well-informed mind, much observation and reading, much reasoning and thought, and much application. What man reads does him little lasting good unless he reasons over it, and it is not completely his until he applies that knowledge. Thus the reading is absorbed, not as animals eat, filling their provender for future digestion, but instantly imbued and permeated with the personality of the reader, it becomes a living part of the mind and it slips into place at the proper moment years after without conscious mental call.

It is, however, necessary in order that this slipping into place be possible to read thoroughly. Any one knows how much one word, whose meaning is not clear, will detract from the pleasure of a whole article. The dictionary is a companion that is an absolute need to the reader, and next to that a good cyclopedia.

Even these two are not sufficient. There will yet remain much that is unexplained, which it has grown into a habit of the general reader to pass by, as something beyond his reach. Possibly his curiosity may be so aroused that he will jot it down, to ask some student about it for whose fund of knowledge he has respect, but in nine cases out of ten, it will remain in his pocket an unknown quantity until the interest of the occasion has long passed by.

It is for this reason that a selection of good reference books should be made to find a place in every book case, even, if to do this, some works of well-liked authors must be omitted. In fact they should find a place wherever there are readers, and be the first things purchased after the dictionary and encyclopedia.

"What shall these reference books be," some one asks, "and are they very expensive?"

I will give you a list of the most desirable for general use, and their cost, with a short description of their purposes.

1st. "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," which traces to their sources, passages and phrases in common use, about 700 writers being named. The price of this book at retail is $3.

2nd. Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," which gives the derivation, source or origin of common allusions, phrases and words, with curious etymologies, popular titles, literary traditions and blunders, references to mythology, notes on fairy land, bogie land, etc., and works that explain words and names that we often pass without knowing their meaning. Cost is $2.50.

3d. Brewer's "Reader's Handbook," which gives an account of celebrated characters in poetry and prose; the story of epic poems, well known tales, legends and romances; plots of popular dramas; the sources from which drmmatists and romanceres derive their plots; authors and dates of dramas, operas and oratorios, and a mass of other information, both useful and curious. It costs $3.50.

4th. Brewer's "Dictionary of Miracles" that shows that many of the legends of the saints are imitative of Scripture stories, many are realistic illustrations of texts, etc. Price $2.50.

5th. Wheeler's "Familiar Allusions" that contains a great deal of information about celebrated statues, buildings, paintings, palaces, ruins, ships, landmarks, natural curiosities, antiquities and the like. Price, $2.00.

6th. A book called Edward's "Words, Facts and Phrases" containing nearly 4,000 articles on curious, quaint and out-of-the-way matters. Price, $2.50.

To these might be added "Roget's Thesaurus," which is of great assistance in giving varying expressions of an idea, and is particularly useful in writing. It costs $2.

If anyone wanted to enlarge their reference library, there are, of course, many others, but these are sufficient for ordinary use. Perhaps there are those who may not feel that they can get all of these at once, and in that case, a good beginning is made with "Bartlett's Quotations" and Brewer's "Reader's Hand Book."

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

CLOSET PORTIERE.—In answer to some one desiring to know what to do to hide an unsightly closet in the parlor of an old-fashioned house, the following is given, which will turn it into something decorative as a cabinet for bric-a-brac:

Take off the door and put a pole across the top, upon which a portiere is to be hung. The portiere may be made of fashion drapery, the color chosen being such as will harmonize with the furnishings of the room. The figured is very handsome for the purpose. If the plain is used, put on a conventional pattern of embroidery across the bottom, letting it run up in the form of a spray along the edge. The work will have to be done in long stitches and strong colors. Roman satin is a pretty material, and the dark blue denim handsomely trimmed is very pretty. This may be painted or embroidered, and a band of plush put down the edge. Pretty flowers cut out of cretonne may be appliqued on velvet disks or stars.

The following is in answer to a question from "Nellie": If the entrance way from the hall is by a single door, the portiere should be single; if by double doors, the curtains should be double. The material should be heavy and there is such a variety to choose from that it is difficult to tell you exactly what to get. Double faced Turcoman is very handsome. It is 50 inches wide and comes from $5 a yard up. It needs no trimming. The Jute velour it is also used. That may be had figured and very pretty. It has a linen pile instead of silk like the Turcoman and is somewhat cheaper than the latter. The silk tapestry canvas is 50 inches wide and is very handsome. It costs about $6 a yard.

A very stylish portiere can be made of the blue denim mentioned before. It needs a deep border of plush of some color to correspond with the room furnishings. Across the bottom it should be quite deep, say twelve inches. Above this border should be painted or embroidered a pattern of water lilies, or the showy tulips—something that will stand out in bold relief. Instead of this the denim may be marked off in diamonds, which are outlined in gold colored or scarlet silk. The diamonds should be large enough for disks, stars or small conventional flowers to be etched in or painted. When done, the curtain must be lined with silk. This portiere is very handsome and will not be very expensive, though it requires a good deal of work.

If you have not the time to give to it, better send and buy a portiere outright. Very handsome ones of Turcoman or Jute, with flowered border across top and bottom, can be bought for $12 upwards. The denim made as described is more unique, but that is its only advantage.

The edition of "Fancy Work and House Decoration" was exhausted, but orders continuing to come, a small edition has been printed to supply the demand. When that is gone, there will positively be no more to be had. Send 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

TOILET MATS.—Some one asks how to make pretty toilet mats. I will tell her how I made mine. Take a strip of Turkey-red cotton, or any bright color, just the width and length of the top of your bureau. This will serve as a lining, over which place thin, dotted muslin, and edge the ends with any cheap, pretty lace, or even ruffles of the muslin, headed with very narrow lace. Then make a large cushion of the same materials, and put a full bow of ribbon on each corner. Then make the little mats also, and edge with lace and ribbon. Such a toilette set is very pretty, and quite inexpensive. Any thin lace will do instead of the muslin. I have another set made in this way. Take a strip of soft, creamy white flannel, the width and length of your bureau, and sew around it, in full double box plaits, a piece of the flannel as wide or as narrow as you wish and which has been worked in button-hole stitch each side with light blue silk. Make the pin cushion cover and mats in the same way and place a bow of ribbon at the corners or not, as you wish. I have still another set made of open work curtain scrim. I cut it eight inches square, 25 cents a yard and is very wide. Cut it whatever shape you want, line with pink, blue or delicate green silesia, and edge with some pretty lace, a bow of ribbon the color of the lining in one corner is pretty, and make the mats a little more dressy.

If Hattie E. Burkee will send postage, I will send her a book of Stamping Recipes containing 48 different selections. Amy Ridgeway's lace is beautiful. Send some more. I have a great many patterns of crochet lace, also many nice fancy things that almost all women like to make.—ADELE M. DEERING, No. 6 Hoffman street, Auburn, Cay Co., N. Y.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

PRETTY FRENCH LACE.—Cast on 22 stitches; knit across plain. 1st row—k 3—m 1—k 1—k 3—m 1—k 3 tog—m 1—k 3—m 1—k 3 tog—m 1—k 3—m 1—k 2; 2d row—m 1—n 1—m 1—k 5—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 5—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 6—m 1—n 1—k 1; 3rd row—k 3—m 1—n 1—k 7—n 1—m 1—k 1—m 1—n 1—k 3—n 1—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 2; 6th row—m 1—n 1—k 2—n 1—m 1—k 3 tog—m 1—k 3—m 1—k 3 tog—m 1—k 10—m 1—n 1—k 1; 7th row—k 3—m 1—n 1—k 9—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 5—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 1—n 1—m 1—k 1—n 1; 8th row—m 1—n 1—k 2—m 1—n 1—k 3—n 1—m 1—k 1—m 1—n 1—k 3—n 1—m 1—k 3 tog—m 1—k 6—m 1—n 1—k 1; 9th row—k 3—m 1—n 1—k 2—n 1—m 1—k 3—m 1—n 1—k 1—m 1—n 1—k 3—m 1—n 1—k 1—m 1—k 3 tog—m 1—k 1—n 1—m 1—k 3—m 1—n 1—k 1. This is very pretty and I think correct.—LIZZIE P. WILSON.

CROCHETED LACE.—Ch 18 1st row—sh in 4th st—ch 1—1 de in 6th st—3 de in 8th st—ch 1—1 de in 10th st—sh in 12th st—ch 3 and fasten with slip st in end of ch—ch 2—turn; 2nd row—14 de in hole made at end 1st row—sh in sh—ch 1—1 de in de of 1st row—3 de under ch 1 of 1st row—ch 1—3 de under ch 1 of 1st row—1 de in de of last row—ch 1—sh in sh—ch 2—turn; 3rd row—sh in sh—ch 1—1 de in de of 2nd row—3 de under ch 1 of 2nd row—ch 1—1 de in de of 2nd row—ch 1—14 de in 14 de of 2nd row—ch 2—turn; 4th row—14 de in de of 3d row—sh in sh—ch 1—1 de in de of last row—3 de under ch of 3d row—ch 1—3 de under ch 1 of 3d row—1 de in de of 3d row—ch 1—sh in sh—ch 2—turn; 5th row—sh in sh—ch 1—1 de in de of 4th row—3 de under ch 1 of 4th row—ch 1—1 de in de of 4th row—ch 1—sh in sh—14 de in 14 de of 4th row with 1 ch bet—ch 2—turn; 6th row—14 de in 14 de of 5th row with two ch bet—sh in sh—ch 1—1 de in de of 5th row—3 de under ch 1 of 5th row—ch 3de under ch 1 of 5th row—1 de in de of 5th row—ch 1—sh in sh—ch 2—turn; 7th row—sh in sh—ch 1—1 de in deof 6th row—ch 1—3 de under ch 1 in 6th row—ch 1—1 de in de of 6th row—sh in sh—3 de bet each de of 6th row—ch 5—turn; 8th row—se bet 3 de—ch 5—1 se bet each 3 de of scallop to sh—sh in sh—ch 1—1 de in de of 7th row—3 de under ch 1 of 7th row ch 1—3 de under ch 1 of 7th row—1 de in de of 7th row—sh in sh—this completes the scallop. 1st row of 2nd se—ch 2—sh in sh—ch 1—1 de in de of last row—ch 1—3 de under ch1 of 8th row—ch 1—1 de in de of 8th row—ch 1—sh in sh—ch 3—fasten in last se of last row and proceed from 2nd row.—"DAISY BLOSSOM."

CORRESPONDENCE.

HER OPINION.—I am terribly surprised to read some of the letters pertaining to the women and their rights. In the first place every person's mother was a woman, high or low, great or small. Yet there is no more sense in adhering to the old sin of Eve than to believe that heathens are responsible for their sins. I heard a very good preacher say that the heathen were responsible because their ancestors knew God's word, and it was their fault that they did not have it yet. Let that be as it may they know as much about God's word as the women of to-day know of the sins of Eve; and under the civilization of the present age, I think it about time for this old theory to fade into oblivion.

Next, if God had not intended women to be at the head of the family, sometime he would have arranged matters so that every man would outlive his wife, for when the man dies first his wife has to not only attend to her duties but his also. When two are properly matched, the husband is as apt to be the head as the man, and in many cases they are far better managers than men, and I believe if it was as customary for the women to manage the business affairs as it is for the men, there would in a very short time be very little difference to be seen in their management.

One of the greatest troubles with mankind is the idea that the man must be the boss. To prove this, we see all through the lower grades of animals a tendency by nature for one to be the leader. When we turn strange horses, cows, hogs, sheep or any other animals together, there always is a fight for the leadership, which is settled by strength and power, but in the case of the human being should be settled by good sound sense and reason And if the man finds his wife his superior in this line, he is as much indebted to surrender his right as the animal has to when he is compelled by power, and vice versa.

I have now under my observation a widow lady who lived several years with her husband when he died, and has lived several years alone, and people generally believe that she lives far better since she has lived alone than while her husband lived. And this is only one of the many cases in every community. When we see a family where the children are equally divided, girls and boys, all industrious, energetic, etc., when they go to school, the girls are just as apt to learn as the boys with equal chance, and we know that to become good scholars is one of the most difficult and tedious problems we have to deal with. We are then surely convinced that there is no difference of abilities between the sexes.

"D. W. C.'s" idea of those young men being driven to the saloon all of a sudden is rather a new notch on the stick. My observation is that when young men have lived to the proper age to marry, nice straight young men, they are very apt to continue so. Yet there are exceptions to any rules. Anyway it would look to a man up a tree that they knew where the saloons were located at any rate. When I have a friend who agrees with me on all subjects but the womans rights question, then right there our paths fork.—H. H.

FROM THE DEN.—To the lady who does not advocate the English plan of receiving would-be wooers. On the receding shores of time one becomes dizzy in looking over the sea of struggling humanity, and weary in trying to solve the fatal mystery of the much hammered problem. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Many have thought so when it was too late to take up that cry. Many white lips have murmured the words, when sinking in the whirling vortex of shame and degradation, born from a loving trust, centered upon one unworthy to receive it.

Down with the "sitting up" practice. It is the source of more evil than the public generally work of. I have you never met a poor, heart-broken girl, who may not reclaim herself to walk on the unspotted floors of pure virginity, while he, her betrayer, will be received in the parlors of many, and perhaps marry a woman of purest virtue? Have you not heard her tell the story of her sad fall and noted the set lips and wild, feverish eyes, which told of lurking revenge, sure to reach him? Of course you have; for this outcast leper is in your neighborhood, as she is in mine. I cite one example at the present writing which has shocked and electrified the whole community. More so, perhaps, because both belong to our best families, of education and refinement. From the young lady, who was once a close school-mate of mine, I received grieving words of farewell that wrung my heart sorely. Let us ponder a few words of this good-bye: "Come to me L——, just for a little while; and I know that it MUST be for the last time. But do come—if not longer than for one moment. The mind is unjustly driven so far from her throne, and my wretchedness pen cannot picture." I would have been less than human to have ignored that cry; so taking the first car, I soon found myself standing in the rooms of my once merry friend, but now a wreck. I shuddered to look upon. Her words came brokenly, "I am wrecked and ruined through the evil rocks of misplaced affection. Worshipingly blind to all faults, never heeding the steps that were marked for me, bitterly conscious when too late to—" Convulsive sobs finished the sentence. After awhile came the conspiracy and dark outline, which I will spare you. She bitterly upbraided the parents who failed to make a home for daughters to keep late hours. "For," continued she, "if father and mother had not given me permission to 'sit up,' they would have been near to stay the deadly cup, and I would not have drained the deadening drug that took away self-control and all that constitutes this life. The gentlemen friends who met me on cold gossip will say that, deservedly, for the rest of my life must I pay the penalty. But oh, tell them to be merciful; to consider that the blame lies not in me so much as the author of my crime and ruin."

"Would to God, all girls might read my story, and print in raised letters on their hearts the warning that is contained. Or better still, let mothers read it, and entwine their daughters more closely to their own persons, and in the strong arms of motherly love, which no barrier can break."

Over such a picture, sad-eyed melancholy broods. And about our hearts, and over all the world, these black shadows gather, stained and tinged with sorrow and distress. All well,—

"Dear heart, dear heart, so oven must we part,
But that Great Lord, that notes the sparrow's fall,
And gives the lily pure its spotless dress,
Keeps loving guard and hears the earnest call
Of heart-wrung mortals in their sore distress,
That love so strong, so near,
Enfold thee closely, dear."

—THE HERMIT.

MUCH WISDOM.

Two owls sat blinking, in a leafy tree;
The sun was shining, so they could not see;
Sometimes they were dozing, with heads close together,
Sometimes awake, and grumbling at the weather;
While a little robin mother, in her nest overhead
Couldn't help overhearing whatever they said.
She trembled in her feathers, so scared did she grow,
Her nestlings were so young, she hoped they didn't know.
Father Owl, with a hoot, said, "I'm ready for my dinner;
There's a robin singing near, d'ye think he's good to eat?
I'm thinking very deeply, on subjects so profound,
I must have something soon, to keep my reason sound."
Mother Owl woke up sudden, lost her hold on the bough,
Went down with a flutter, she never could tell how;
"Oh, dear," she said, "how did I fall, I wonder?
Did lightning strike our tree, or maybe it was thunder.
I think I'll creep in somewhere, and get a little rest,
For very sure am I it's all happened for the best;
Then the little robin mother, in her nest overhead,
Got back all her courage, when these words were said.

—LOUISE HOUGHTON, Warsaw, N. Y.

INQUIRIES.

Can some reader of the BLADE give me instructions for staining a violin?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some lady living in the west or in southern California, who can give reliable information of positions and prices of same that can be obtained by young ladies of good (practical) education, please send address to the BLADE.

Will some one send a good recipe for marble cake and gold cake?—WEEPING WILLOW.

Any one having a few silkworm eggs would confer a great favor by sending them to the address given below. I only wish about twenty, merely raising them in my school room as an object lesson. Will pay all expenses gladly.—Mrs. A. MCCREARY, Brooklyn, Mich.

I wish Mrs. J. P. Benedict to explain how she keeps up her stitches in her beautiful wide lace. I knit the first row right, but never had enough stitches after the first row. I hate to bother her, as she has corrected one mistake, but I think it would be very beautiful, if I could knit it.

I think Mrs. Sallie A. Anthony's herringbone lace real nice.—MARY A. PARRIGIN, Albany, Clinton County, Ky

If Barbara Allen will inquire at the post-office for a letter she will find one there from a warm admirer.—S. B.

Will the Editor or some member of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me if there is any way of making black tips or ostrich feathers light and fluffy as when new. Have tried shaking over smoking corncobs, but did not succeed.—A CONSTANT READER.

Do any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD live where the wild wintergreen grows? Have tried to find it advertised in some of the catalogues, but failed. I would like a few plants, and if any one would send them to me I would pay postage and return the favor in any way possible. In my mother's garden, when I was a little girl, used to grow a perennial flower we called "Queen of the meadow." It grew about three feet high and had large tufts of small pink flowers, very fragrant. The stems tasted like wintergreen. It was brought from Pennsylvania. I would like to get a root of it but cannot find it advertised by the old name, nor can I find any plant answering the description. Does any one know where it can be obtained?—MRS. MARY GALE, Redwood Falls, Minn.

In my offer to the HOUSEHOLD in the BLADE of the 22d, of flower seed, it should have read Star Ipomea vine instead of Beautiful Star. It is a vine of very rapid growth with flowers somewhat resembling the cypress.—L. Y. SMITH.

Will "Mabel Clair" please tell us through the HOUSEHOLD, what part of Eastern Colorado her claim is in? Also county and postoffice. We like the description she gives of the county, and ask the above with the view of seeking a home.—L. TINERANT.

Will the friend please to state in the BLADE if it was black or white walnuts that was used in the liniment in connection with coal oil? I have loaned my paper so can't give the recipe. It was published a few weeks ago.—CAREFUL MARTHA.

What shall I do in baking pie crust before filling it when it raises up high in the center and will not admit of being filled when it is done? What is the best remedy for the blood when you are scrofulously inclined? For the finger nails in the corner making the fingers look rough, and dead skin coming off the fingers? Any recipe for the hair when the head itches, especially mornings? Does any one of my friends of the BLADE know a substitute for tobacco?—PRACTICAL.

Please give explanation of terms used in knitting. What will color a delicate shade of blue all wool cashimere, to a "dead" black?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Please give remedy for muscular rheumatism; also drawn cords under the knees. Cords have been drawn about a year.—AN INVALID.

Will the lady who said she had husk tomato seed to spare please send her address to E. SPRATT, Ottawa, Kan.

"A Subscriber" wants remedy for membraneous croup.

Will some of the BLADE sisterhood tell us how to get up a "Crazy Sociable?" We are trying to raise money for Sunday school purposes and think of trying that. Some one please answer immediately and give hints for costumes, entertainment, and everything connected with it.—SIMPLETON.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Some lady inquired how to raise canary birds. As I have raised a great many and have been successful I will say to my lady friend, to be successful in raising birds, after the first egg is laid, always have your cage hanging in one regular place; clean every day but be sure and put back again in its accustomed place until the young birds are old enough to feed themselves; mixed crackers and boiled eggs make good food for birds, also bread soaked in sweet milk.—MRS. M. J. TENTZ.

In answer to Mrs. N. F. Wateman, as to poison oak remedy: Take a handful of quick-lime, let it stand in water one-half hour, till dissolved; then paint the face and poisoned parts. Three or four applications will effect a cure. Bathing the face in saltpeter before going out, also after being poisoned, is excellent. The first receipt they will prepare for you at any drug store.—PRACTICAL.

"Anti-Gossip," there are many good magazines and papers for children. You do not give the age of your niece, but if she is very small *Our Little Ones* and *Pansy*, both publisoed in Boston, are good. If older, *Harper's Young People*, New York, and *Youth's Companion*, Boston, papers published weekly, are good, and for magazines, *St. Nicholas*, New York, and *Wide Awake*, Boston, cannot be surpassed. These are leading publications for the young, but there are many other excellent ones.—ED

Please tell "Subscriber" there is no mistake in the eighth row of my lace, but there is in the third row, and I would have corrected it before, but I thought it was so simple every lady would understand it. In third row 11 sts: Sh in sh—ch 7—fasten with s c 3 times—ch 7—sh in sh—ch 7—fasten with s c 3 times—ch 7—sh in sh.

There is no other mistake, and if they follow the directions there will be no trouble about getting it I think.—OLLIE KAY.

If the lady from Columbia, Iowa, or any one else, desiring reading matter, would like copies of the Weekly BLADE, I can supply them with some if they will send their address to the BLADE.

Please state that my supply of flower seeds is exhausted. I did not expect so many applications when I made the offer. I received nearly 300 applications in five days and had only seeds to supply about 60; that is why some who sent did not receive seeds.—MRS. WILL R. BUTLER, Cimarosa, Iowa.

F. Hollad, of Rome, Sumner county, Kansas, will buy her sachet powder ready mixed, she will be better satisfied. I give 40c an ounce. A little goes a long ways, and the two oz. will last me a year, it is so much nicer than Cologne.—MISS L. ARDEN.

Mrs. Mary Floyd, Chicago, Ill., asks how to bleach unbleached muslin without a grass plot to lay it on. We have had such good success and been so glad that we knew how to get cloth whitened that we cannot let this inquiry go unanswered: "For 36 yards of muslin, take 1 lb. of chloride of lime, (can be purchased at any drug store;) put the muslin to soak in warm (not hot) rain water; let stand all night, or long enough to become thoroughly wet; dissolve your chloride of lime in 3 qts. of hot rain water; strain this solution through a thin cloth into a tub in which has been poured about 9 or 10 gals. of warm rain water; wring out your muslin and put it in and allow it to remain 20 or 30 minutes, stirring and lifting up frequently to the air; rinse in several waters and hang in the air to dry." If this is followed strictly, you will have beautifully whitened cloth. Do not wet your cloth in hot water nor put any soap in it. I have tried bleaching cloth after it had been sealded, and it did not do so well. Of course one can practice on a less number of yards. Use an iron or porcelain kettle to dissolve your lime in.—MRS. G. J. N., Greely, Col.

RECIPES.

VANILLA CARAMELS.—Extract or powdered vanilla stirred into the boiling sugar, cream and butter (then called cacam caramel) makes vanilla cream caramels.

Mrs. Mary Floyd wishes to know how to bleach cotton. I will tell her. For 5 lbs. of cotton, use 6 ozs. of chloride of lime. Soak the lime in a wooden pail of water over night, also soak the cloth in another vessel of clean water. In the morning, wring out the goods and strain through a cloth clear from all settlings the lime water into it, warm it, and pour into your washtub, put in goods loosely, and stir often for two hours. Rinse in 3 or 4 clean waters. Use soft water.—MRS. A. M. PARMELY.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Cream well together a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, unsweetened, half a teacupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one teacupful of molasses, and one teacupful of milk or cream. Boil all together until the candy cracks in ice water, then pour half an inch thick into tin pans well oiled. When nearly cold mark into squares with a greased knife. In summer these require to be set on ice to cool and harden.

COFFEE CARAMELS.—Make extract of coffee as directed for coffee creams, using two ounces of coffee and as little water as possible. Boil one pound of sugar till it is brittle in water; let it change to a yellow brown (if white sugar is used; if brown, color will not be a guide but the odor will—it should smell *slightly* of burning or browning). When the sugar has attained this stage stir in the extract gradually, boil a few minutes carefully, and pour out into pans the same as directed for chocolate caramels. Mark off before they are cold.

COFFEE CREAM CARAMELS.—Two pounds of sugar, one cupful of thick cream, two ounces of fresh butter (salt washed out), extract from two ounces of coffee. Melt the sugar with as little water as possible in a saucepan over the fire (take care to use a saucepan not much smaller than the quantity and give room for bubbling), put when the sugar bubbles pour in the cream very slowly, stirring also very slowly then add the butter and coffee, stirring gently but constantly the whole time. As soon as the syrup thus prepared is brittle, and has a slight odor of caramel, pour out as directed for other caramels. Chocolate used instead of coffee makes chocolate cream caramels.

SPONGE CAKE.—3 eggs well beaten; 1 cupful of sugar; 1 heaping teacupful of sifted flour; 1 tablespoonful of sweet milk; 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; a little salt and lemon extract; bake in square pie tin baked on a dripping pan. It is a good roll jelly cake.

Tissue paper for tieing dried grasses is a good substitute for ribbons.—AUNT SUE.

GINGER BREAD.—For F. D. B.—1 cupful of New Orleans molasses; 5 tablespoonfuls of melted lard; 5 tablespoonfuls of hot water; 1 teaspoonful of ginger; 1 teaspoonful saleratus, stir in flour till about the consistency of cream cake. This is for soft ginger cake.—MARY.

CARE FOR FELON.—Take a piece of twine and commence at the base of the finger and wind closely and tightly as close up to the felon as possible and then retain it as long as five or ten minutes at a time. Do this three times and if the felon is not over 48 hours gone no more will be heard of it after 12 hours have passed and it will cure it even after three days gone. This supposes the felon to be where you can wind below it and turn it all black around it.—D. R.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

KEITHSBURG, ILL.		
Claud E Moffett	Willie J Fisk	Charley Dean
	Frank Randall	Cora Salmave
KIRWIN, KAN.	Claude Miller	W J Sutton
Irvin Davis	Gurney Fries	Winnie Holcomb
Gertrude Davis	Frank D Brand	FULLERTON, NEB.
Ethel Gardner	Charley Brown	W H Hitchcock
Charley Smith	May Klotz	May J Hitchcock
Harry Clarke	Ella Larson	H M Hitchcock
Ruth Gardner	Estella Barnes	Pliny Hitchcock
Sandra Beisher	Clyde Miller	Gertie Bowman
Ira McAllister	Eugene Darrow	Geo W Bowman
Leata Beisher	LIMA, ILL.	Minnie Bowman
Dora Gaines	Johnnie C Nesbit	John Bowman
Nellie Southard	Hattie E Nesbit	James O Rundall
Roy McAllister	Jennie C Nesbit	Geo W Rundall
S Washburn	George H Earhart	Libbie N Rundall
Arthur Riley	Elbert A Reager	Willie Rundall
Oscar Benwat e	Willie Wade	Billie Rundall
John E Riley	Jimmy Snyder	Bobbie Campbell
WATERLOO, IND.	Grace Snyder	Brook Campbell
Herman Heisler	Maud Jennings	Ervin W Caswell
Ernest E Beard	Pearl Jennings	Hattie L Caswell
Zella Till	Jessie Spencer	Luther G Caswell
Chas Rohrbaugh	CHENEY, W. T.	Hervy G Caswell
Stella M Voss	Ella Caswell	Orvy J Caswell
Carl R Thompson	Bennie Davis	Frank E Hodges
John M O'Connor	D U Wentworth	JEFFERSON LISE,
Frank Hamilton	Marcus Tyler	PA.
Stella B Leas	Mary DeBaun	J O Lenkerd
Adelbert Smith	John DeBaun	SAEULA, PA.
Blanche M Reed	Belle DeBaun	Mary Collins
Paul V Duncan	Sadie DeBaun	Sarah Bish
Eda M Miser	I M Wagner	Nora Kilmer
Verna M B Darby	Olive M Allison	Bessa Kilmer
Dana Sparks	Edgar Allison	Alex Anderson Collins
James S Smith	Gertie Curtis	John Collins
Lettie Harris	Charlie Curtis	James Collins
Claud Rohrbaugh	May Allison	Hattie Brown
Lorenz Espst	Fred Curtis	May Bish
Lettie Lanson	Minerva Beaver.	

Names this week, 111. Total 3,098.

The above embraces all names received up to April 5.

SHE "DISPLAINS" IT.

"Had, too!"
"Hadn't neither!"
So contended Bess and May—
Neighbor children who were boasting
Of their grandmammas one day.

"Had, too!"
"Hadn't neither!"
All the difference began
By May's saying she'd two grandmas,
While poor Bess had only one.

"Had, too!"
"Hadn't neither!"
Tossing curls, and kinks of friz,
"How could you have two grandmothers
When just one is all they is?"

"Had, too!"
"Hadn't neither!
'Cause of you had two," said Bess,
"You'd displain it!" Then May answered:
"My grandmas were twins, I guess!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley, in St. Nicholas.*

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Give us a story by Miss Alcott!" "I like 'Little Women' better than any other book on my shelf." "I have read all Miss Alcott's books, and love her dearly," are among the frequent expressions for which the postmistress has learned to look in the children's letters. The sweet, true-hearted woman, whose death at Roxbury, Massachusetts, on March 6, has "eclipsed the gayety" of childhood, was, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes strikingly said, the "Hans Christian Andersen and Daniel Defoe of America." The candor and simplicity, the loving directness, the breezy freshness, and the sturdy scorn of anything mean or underhand, which mark her writings, make them peculiarly wholesome and free from taint. "She is such a good fellow," said an enthusiastic boy, getting up from an afternoon's absorption in 'Little Men,' with the feeling that at least one woman in the world knew all about boy nature, and sympathized with boys in their trials and aspirations. Every little girl who has ever read a story of Miss Alcott's has had a sense of cuddling close up to the author and leaning against her knee, while she heard her fascinating talk, so magically did the winsome voice speak through the sisely type.

I heard a touching incident last summer, illustrative of the life-likeness with which Miss Alcott invested her heroines. It was at a hamlet in Maine, where a lady, tarrying for a holiday rest, had established a tiny lending library for the children of the place. It had only a few volumes all told, and among them was included the "Old-fashioned Girl," and this speedily became the favorite book, passing rapidly from hand to hand, and eagerly waited for by those whose turn had not yet come. One pleasant afternoon, as the lady sat in her cozy little parlor, her dainty knitting on her lap, a bare-footed waif, panting, flushed, excited, pushed open the door, exclaiming, without other preface: "Is she in? Is she in?"

"Is who in?" naturally inquired the lady.

"The Old-fashioned Girl," was the quick reply. "I've been picking blackberries all day, and I've walked three miles to get her and take her home with me."

"Ha," said the lady, appreciating the child's humor, "she is not fit to go out again until I have had time to mend her dress. See, my dear? The leaves are loosened from the binding, and the poor 'Old-fashioned Girl' is in a sad plight."

"I'll mend her up, if you'll only let me take her away," pleaded the little berry-picker, departing in an ecstasy to transm three miles homeward over a rough road with Miss Alcott's book hugged to her breast. Imagine how she pored over it by the light of the evening lamp in the family sitting-room!

Yes, the children have lost a friend, and there is hardly a household where English is spoken in any part of the globe in which Miss Alcott has not had honest mourners among the boys and girls. These will like to know something about her life.

Louisa May Alcott was born on November 29, 1832, in Germantown, Pennsylvania. Her father, A. Bronson Alcott, was a distinguished lecturer and teacher of his time, one of the first at a period when schoolmasters were very severe, ruling principally by harsh methods, to insist that gentleness was more influential than the rod, and to show that education should bring out the best that was in a child's nature, not simply cram a young mind with facts.

His daughter Louisa was born on her father's birthday, and it is beautiful to learn that as all their lives they kept this pleasant anniversary together the gentle Angel of Death took them home at almost the same time. Only a day intervened between Mr. Alcott's death and that of the child who had been his constant companion and tender friend during all her life. The genial and gentle philosopher, whose ideas had furnished food for thought to some of the most eminent people of the century, was eighty-nine; just a year old, you see, when 1809 came in. Miss Alcott's mother was a Miss Sewall, descendant of the Sewall and Quincy families of Boston. Mrs. Alcott died in 1877, and her daughter more than ever devoted herself to her father in his loneliness. In 1882 a stroke of paralysis rendered him very dependent on her constant care and nursing, and she gave herself without stint to ministering to his need. About three years ago when she was busy on "Jo's Boys," her health broke down, no doubt from overstrain, and her physicians forbade her writing any more. This injunction, however, was only partially obeyed; for at each recurring holiday it was hard to withstand the clamors of the children who thronged for a Christmas story from their beloved Miss Alcott; and when a friend asked her for only a verse or two, for charity's sake, at the Yule-tide, she wrote sweetly, "The doctor says no; but I can deny you nothing at Christmas time."

A backward glance over Miss Alcott's life is interesting. We may fancy her a romping, merry child, in the days when little maidens wore stout stuff dresses in winter and calico in summer, and were not afraid to climb fences, nor coast with their brothers. But she was studious, too, and with such teachers as her father and Mr. Thoreau, she would receive as many lessons from Nature as from books.

At sixteen she followed in the footsteps of the New England girl of her day, and began to teach school. No doubt her pupils liked her, but she found teaching irksome, and felt her call to a wider work than could be found within four walls. Her big school room, although she did not know it then, was to be the wide world. For, so long as she lived, the dear lady was a teacher, each of her books, under the fun and frolic, the record of home happenings, and the bright conversation, having some moral lesson to convey. Children are kinder, more unselfish, truer and more independent, through the influence of her words. Nobody who did not love children could have so understood what they wanted.

During our civil war, Miss Alcott served for some time as a volunteer nurse at Georgetown, near Washington. The work was hard, the watching and anxiety painful, and together induced an attack of typhoid fever, of which she nearly died. Never after was

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON SWEARING.

The Fate of the Blasphemer—The Temptation to Indulge in Profanity—A Lesson from the History of Job.

BROOKLYN, April 8.—After reading the appropriate passages of Scripture, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached on the habit of cursing and swearing. His text was from the Book of Job, ii. 7, Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes. Then said his wife unto him, 'Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die.'"

A story oriental and marvelous. Job was the richest man in all the east. He had camels and oxen and asses and sheep, and, what would have made him rich without anything else, seven sons and three daughters. It was the habit of these children to gather together for family reunion. One day Job is thinking of his children as gathered together at a banquet at the elder brother's house.

While this old man is seated at his tent door he sees some one running, evidently from his manner, bringing bad news. What is the matter now? "Oh," says the messenger, "a foraging party of Sabeans has fallen upon the oxen and the asses and destroyed them, and butchered all the servants except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. What is the matter now? "Oh," he says, "the lightning has struck the sheep and the shepherds and all the shepherds are destroyed except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. What is the matter now? "Oh," he says, "the Chaldeans have captured the camels and slain all the camel drivers except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. What is the matter now? "Oh," he says, "a hurricane struck the four corners of the tent where your children were assembled at the banquet and they are all dead."

But the chapter of calamity has not ended. Job was smitten with elephantiasis, or black leprosy. Tumors from head to foot—forehead ridged with tubercles—eyelashes fall out—nostrils excoriated—voice destroyed—intolerable exhalations from the entire body, until with none to dress his sores, he sits down in the ashes with nothing but pieces of broken pottery to use in the surgery of his wounds. At this moment, when he needed all encouragement, when his second consort, his wife comes in, in a fret and a rage, and says: "This is intolerable. Our property gone, our children slain, and now you covered up with this loathsome and disgusting disease. Why don't you swear? Curse God and die!"

Ah, Job knew right well that swearing would not cure one of the tumors of his agonized body, nor bring back one of his destroyed camels, would not restore one of his dead children. He knew that profanity would only make the pain more unbearable, and the poverty more distressing, and the bereavement more excruciating. But, judging from the profanity abroad in our day, you might come to the conclusion that there was some great advantage to be reaped from profanity.

Blasphemy is all abroad. You hear it in every direction. The draryman swearing at his cart, the sewing-girl imprecating the tangled skein, the accountant cursing the long line of troublesome figures. Swearing at the store, swearing in the loft, swearing in the cellar, swearing on the street, swearing in the factory. Children learn to swear. Women swear! Swearing from the rough calling on the Almighty in the low restaurant, clear up to the reckless "Oh Lord!" of a glittering drawing-room; and the one is as much blasphemy as the other.

There are times when we must cry out to the Lord by reason of our physical agony or our mental distress, and that is only throwing out our weak hand toward the strong arm of a father. It was no profanity when James A. Garfield, shot in Washington depot, cried out: "My God, what does this mean?" There is no profanity in calling out upon God in the day of trouble, in the day of darkness, in the day of physical anguish, in the day of bereavement; but I am speaking of the irreverence, the triviality and of the recklessness with which the name of God is sometimes managed. The whole land is cursed with it.

A gentleman coming from the far West sat in the car day after day behind two persons who were indulging in profanity, and he made up his mind that he would take a record of it, and when he reached the end of the two days several sheets of paper were covered with these imprecations, and at the close of the journey he handed the manuscript to one of the persons in front of him. "Is it possible," said the man, "that we have uttered so many profanities the last few days?" "It is," replied the gentleman. "Then," said the man who had taken the manuscript, "I will never swear again."

But is a comparatively unimportant thing if a man makes a record of our improprieties of speech. The more memorable consideration is that every improper word, every oath uttered, has a record in the book of God's remembrance, and that the day will come when all the crimes of speech, if unrepented of, will be our condemnation. I shall not to-day deal in abstractions. I am going to have a plain talk with you, my brother, about a habit that you admit to be wrong.

The habit grows in the community in the fact that young people think it manly to swear. Little children, hardly able to walk straight on the street, yet have enough distinctness of utterance to let you know that they are damning their own souls or damning the souls of others. It is an awful thing the first time the little feet are lifted to have them set down on the burning pavement of hell!

Between 16 and 20 years of age there is not to come a time when a young man is as much ashamed of not being able to swear gracefully as he is of the dizziness of his first cigar. He has his hat, his boot and his coat of the right pattern, and now, if he can only swear without awkwardness, and as well as his comrades, he believes he is in the fashion. There are young men who walk in an atmosphere of imprecation—oaths on their lips, under their tongues, nestling in their shock of hair. They abstain from it in the elegant drawing room, but the street and the club house ring with their profanities. They have no regard for God, although they have great respect for the ladies! My young brother, there is no manliness in that. The most ungentlemanly thing a man can do is to swear.

Fathers foster this great crime. There are parents who are very cautious not to swear in the presence of their children; in a moment of sudden anger they look around to see if the children are present when they indulge in this habit. Do you not know, oh father, that your child is aware of the fact that you swear? He overheard you in the next room, or some one has informed him of your habit. He is practicing now. In ten years he will swear as well as you do. Do not, oh father, be under the delusion that you never swear and your son not know it. It is an awful thing to start the habit in a family—the father to be profane, and then to have the echo of his example come back from other generations; so that generations after generations curse the Lord.

The crime is also fostered by master mechanics, boss carpenters, those who are at the head of men in hat factories, and in dock yards, and at the head of great business establishments. When you go down to look at the work of the scaffolding, and you find it is not done right, what do you say? It is not praying, is it? The employer swears—his employe is tempted to swear. The man says: "I don't know why my employer, worth $50,000 or $100,000, should have any luxury I should be denied simply because I am poor. Because I am poor and dependent on a day's wages, haven't I as much right to swear as he has with his large income?" Employers swear, and that makes so many employes swear.

The habit also comes from infirmity of temper. There are a good many people who, when they are at peace, have righteousness of speech, but when angered they hose with imprecation. Perhaps all the year they talk in right language but now they pour out the fury of a whole year in one red-hot paragraph of five minutes. I knew of a man who excused himself for the habit, saying: "I only swear once in a great while, I must do that just to clear myself out."

The habit comes also from the profuse use of bywords. The transition from a byword which may be perfectly harmless to imprecation and profanity, is not a very large transition. It is "my stars!" and "mercy on me!" and "good gracious!" and "by George!" and "by Jove!" and you go on with that a little while, and then you swear. These words, perfectly harmless in themselves, are next door to imprecation and blasphemy. A profuse use of bywords always ends in profanity. The habit is creeping up into the highest styles of society. Women have no patience with flat and unvarnished profanity. They will order a man out of the parlor for indulging in blasphemy, and yet you will sometimes find them with fairy fan to the lip, and under chandeliers which bring no bush to their cheek, taking on their lips the holiest of names in utter triviality.

Why, my friends, the English language is comprehensive and capable of expressing all shades of feeling and every degree of energy. Are you happy? Noah Webster will give you ten thousand words with which to express your exhilaration. Are you righteously indignant? There are whole armies in the vocabulary, righteous vocabulary—whole armies of denunciation, and scorn, and sarcasm, and irony, and caricature, and wrath. You express yourself against some meanness or hypocrisy in all the oaths that ever smoked up from the pit, and I will come right on after you and give a thousandfold more emphasis of denunciation to the same meanness and the same hypocrisy in words across which no slime has ever trailed, and into which the fires of hell have never shot their forked tongues—the pure, the innocent. God honored Anglo-Saxon in which Milton sang and John Bunyan dreamed and Shakespeare dramatized.

There is no excuse for profanity when we have such a magnificent language—such a flow of good words, potent words, mighty words, words just to suit every crisis and every case. Whatevery be the cause of it, profanity is on the increase, and if you do not know it, it is because your ears have been hardened by the sin of imprecations so that you are not stirred and moved as you ought to be by profanities in these cities which are enough to bring a hurricane of fire like that which consumed Sodom.

Do you know that this trivial use of God's name results in perjury? Do you know that people who take the name of God on their lips in recklessness and thoughtlessness are fostering the crime of perjury? Make the name of God a foot ball in the community, and it has no power when in court room and in legislative assembly it is employed in solemn adjuration! See the way sometimes they administer the oath: "Shelp you God—kiss the book!" Smuggling, which is always a violation of the oath, becomes in some circles a grand joke. You say to a man: "How is it possible for you to sell these goods so very cheap? I can't understand it." "Ah!" he replies, with a twinkle of the eye, "the custom house tariff of these goods isn't as much as it might be." An oath does not mean as it would were the name of God used in reverence and in solemnity. Why is it that so often jurors render unaccountable verdicts and judges give unaccountable charges, and useless railroad schemes pass in our state capitals, and there are most unjust changes made in tariffs—tariff lifted from one thing and put on another.

What is an oath? Anything solemn? Anything that calls upon the Almighty? Anything that marks an event in a man's history? Nay, nay! It is kissing the book! There is no habit, I tell you plainly—and I talk to hundreds and thousands of men to-day who will thank me for my utterance—I tell you, my brother—I talk to you not professionally, but just as one brother talks to another on some very important theme—I tell you there is no habit that so depletes a man's nature as the habit of profanity. You might as well try to raise vineyards and orchards on the sides of belching Stromboli as to raise anything good on a heart from which there pours out the scoria of profanity. You may swear yourself down; you cannot swear yourself up. When the Mohammedan finds a piece of paper he cannot read, he puts it aside very cautiously for fear the name of God may be on it. That is one extreme. We go the other. Now, what is the cure of this habit? It is a mighty habit. Men have struggled for years to get rid of it. An aged man was in the delirium of a fever. He had for many years lived a most upright life and was honored in all the community, but when he came into the delirium of this fever he was full of imprecation and profanity, and they could not understand it. After he came to his right reason he explained it. He said: "When I was a young man I was very profane. I conquered the habit, but I had to struggle all through life. You haven't for forty years heard me say an improper word, but it has been an awful struggle. The tiger is chained, but he is alive yet."

If you would get rid of this habit, I want you, my friends, to dwell upon the uselessness of it. Did a volley of oaths ever start a heavy load? Did they ever extirpate meanness from a customer? Did they ever collect a bad debt? Did they ever relieve the grief of a bereaved one? Did they ever stop the twinge of the rheumatism? Did they ever help you forward one step in the right direction? Come now, tell me, ye who have had the most experience in this habit, how much have you made out of it? Five thousand dollars in all your life? No. One thousand? No. One hundred? No. One dollar? No. One cent? No. If the habits be so utterly useless, away with it.

But you say: "I have struggled to overcome the habit a long while and I have not been successful." You struggled in your own strength, my brother. If ever a man wants God, it is such a crisis of his history. God alone by His grace can emancipate you from this iron bondage. Call upon him day and night that you may be delivered from this crime. Remember also in the cure of this habit that it arouses God's indignation. The Bible reiterates from chapter to chapter, and verse after verse, that it is accursed for this life, and that it makes a man miserable for eternity. There is not a sin in all the catalogue that is so often and emphatically and frequently punished in this world as the sin of profanity. There is not a city or a village but can give an illustration of a man struck down at the moment of imprecation. A couple of years ago, briefly referring to this in a sermon, I gave some instances in which God had struck swearers dead at the moment of their profanity. That sermon brought to me from many parts of this land and other lands statements of instantaneous visitation from God upon blasphemers. My opinion is that such cases occur somewhere every day, but for various reasons they are not reported.

In Scotland a club assembled every week for purposes of wickedness, and there was a competition as to who could use the most horrid oath, and the man who succeeded was to be president of the club. The competition went on. A man uttered an oath which confounded all his comrades, and he was made president of the club. His tongue began to swell, and it protruded from his mouth and he could not draw it in and he died, and the physician said: "This is the strangest thing we ever saw; we never saw any account in the books like unto it: we can't understand it." I understand it. He cursed God and died.

At Catskill, N. Y., a group of men stood in a blacksmith's shop during a violent thunder storm. There came a crash of thunder, and some of the men trembled. One man said: "Why, I don't see what you are afraid of. I am not afraid to go out in front of the shop and defy the Almighty. I am not afraid of lightning." And he laid a wager on the subject, and he went out, and he shook his fist at the heavens, crying: "Strike if you dare!" And instantly he fell under a bolt. What destroyed him? Any mystery about it? Oh, no. He cursed God and died.

Oh, my brother, God will not allow this sin to go unpunished. There are styles of writing with manifold sheets, so that a man writing on one leaf writes clear through ten, fifteen or twenty sheets, and so every profanity we utter goes right down through the leaves of the book of God's remembrance. It is no exceptional sin. Do you suppose you could count the profanities of last week—the profanities of office, store, shop, factory? They cursed God, they cursed his word, they cursed his only begotten son.

One morning, on Fulton street, as I was passing along, I heard a man swear by the name of Jesus. My hair rose. My blood ran cold. My breath caught. My foot halted. Do you not suppose that God is aggravated? Do you not suppose that God knows about it? Dionysius used to have a cave in which his culprits were incarcerated, and he listened at the top of that cave, and he could hear every groan, he could hear every sigh, and he could hear every whisper of those who were imprisoned. He was a tyrant. God is not a tyrant, but he blends over this world and he hears everything—every voice of praise, every voice of imprecation. He hears it all. The oaths seem to die on the air, but they have eternal echo. They come back from the ages to come.

Listen! Listen! "All blasphemers shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." And if, according to the theory of some, a man commits in the next world the sins which he committed in this world—if unpardoned, unregenerated—what kind of a man's going on cursing in the name of God, to all eternity!

The habit grows. You start with a small oath, you will come to the large oath. I saw a man die with an oath between his teeth. Voltaire only gradually came to his tremendous imprecations; but the habit grew on him until in the last moment, supposing Christ stood at the bed, he exclaimed: "Crush that wretch! Crush that wretch!" Oh, my brother, you begin to swear, and there is nothing impossible for you in the wrong direction.

Who is this God whose name you are using in swearing? Who is he? Is he a tyrant? Has he pursued you all your life long? Has he starved you, frozen you, tyrannized over you? No. He has loved you, he has sheltered you, he watched you last night, he will watch you to-night. He wants to love you, wants to help you, wants to save you, wants to comfort you. He was your father's God and your mother's God. He has housed them from the blast, and he wants to shelter you. Will you spit in his face by an imprecation? Will you ever thrust him back by an oath?

Who is this Jesus whose name I heard in the imprecation? Has he pursued you all your life long? What vile thing has he done to you that you should so dishonor his name? Why, he was the Lamb whose blood simmered in the fires of sacrifice for you. He is the brother that took off the crown that you might put it on. He has pursued you all your life long with mercy. He wants you to love him, wants you to serve him. He comes with streaming eyes and broken heart and blistered feet to save you. On the craft of our doomed humanity he pushed out into the sea to take you off the wreck.

Where is the hand that will ever be lifted in imprecation again? Let that hand, now blood tipped, be lifted that I may see it. Not one. Where is the voice that will ever be uttered in dishonoring the name of that Christ? Let it speak now. Not one. Not one. Oh, I am glad to know that all these vices of the community, and these crimes of our city will be gone. Society is going to be bettered. The world by the power of Christ's gospel is going to be saved, and this crime, this iniquity, and all the other iniquities will vanish before the rising of the sun of righteousness upon the nation.

There was one day in New England memorable for storm and darkness. I hardly ever saw such an evening. The clouds which had been gathering all day unlimbered their batteries. The Housatonic, which flows quietly, save as the paddles of pleasure parties rattle the oar locks, was lashed into foam, and the waves hardly knew where to lay themselves.

Oh! what a time it was! The hills jarred under the rumbling of God's chariots. Blinding sheets of rain drove the canoe to the bars, or beat against the window pane as though to dash it in. The grain fields threw their crowns of gold at the feet of the storm king. When night came in it was a double night. Its mantle was torn with the lightnings, and into its locks were twisted the limbs and uprooted oaks and the shreds of canvas torn from the masts of the beached shipping. It was such a night as makes you thank God for shelter, and upon the roof and the floor to feel the pattering outside with terror.

We went to sleep under the full blast of heaven's great orchestra, the forests with uplifted voices, in chorus that filled the mountains, praising the Lord. We woke not until the fingers of the sunny morn touched our eyelids. We looked out the window and the Housatonic slept as quiet as an infant's dream. Pillars of cloud by the sides of the sky looked like the castles of the blest built for heavenly hierarchs on the beach of the azure sea. All the trees sparkled as though there had been some great grief in heaven, and each leaf had been God appointed to catch an angel's tear. It seemed as if our Father had looked upon the earth, His wayward child, and stooped to her tear wet cheek and kissed it. So will the darkness of sin and crime leave our world before the dawn of the morning. The light shall gild the city spire and strike the forests of Maine and the masts of Mobile, and all between. And one end resting on the Atlantic coast and the other resting on the Pacific let the bow, God will spring a great rainbow arch of peace, in token of everlasting covenant that the world shall never more see a deluge of crime.

"But," says some one, "preaching against the evils of society will accomplish nothing. Do you not see that the evils go right on?" I answer, we are not at all discouraged.

It seemed insignificant for Moses to stretch his hand ever the Red sea. What power could that have over the waters? But the east wind blew all night; the waters gathered into two glittering palisades on either side. The billows reared as God's hand pulled back upon their crystal bits. Wheel into line, oh Israel! March! march! Pearls crash under their feet. The shouts of hosts mounting the beach answers the shout of hosts mid sea, until, as the last line of the Israelites have gained the beach, the shields clang and the cymbals clap, and as the waters whelm the pursuing foe the swift fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered, and the great song of Egypt is overthrow. So we go forth; and stretch out the hand of prayer and Christian effort over these dark, boiling waters of crime and sin. "Aha!" "Aha!" say the deriding world. But wait. The winds of divine help will begin to blow; the way will clear for the grand army of Christian philanthropists; the glittering treasures of the world's beneficence will line the path of our feet; and to the other shore we will be greeted with the clash of all heaven's cymbals; while those who resist and deride and pursue us will fall under the sea, and there will be nothing left of them but here and there, cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, and, thrust out from the surf, the breathless nostril of a riderless charger.

NORTHWESTERN MILLERS.

Little Change in the Volume of Flour Manufactured—General Outlook.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 7.—There was hardly any change in the volume of flour made last week. The output for the week was 122,560 barrels—averaging 20,427 barrels daily—against 123,740 barrels the week before and 155,400 barrels for the corresponding time in 1887. It is necessary to again report no perceptible improvement in the water power, though every condition seems to indicate that there will be a decided change for the better before another week passes. The weather is warmer and springlike, causing quite a thaw, while more or less rain this afternoon is expected to help in raising the river. There are now sixteen mills running out of a total of twenty-three, and eight are using steam.

Five of those idle, together with one-third of another, which has steam for only part of its capacity, will be put in operation the minute that power is available with which to run them, and the daily production will thereby be swelled 9,000 barrels. Then there are several mills able to run only at a reduced output, and they will change to full motion as soon as the power will justify it. This will probably add 2,000 barrels more, increasing the daily make of flour to about 3,000. A year ago now the mills were running stronger than for six months previous. Most of the mills have considerable orders ahead now, and, though impatient at the non-arrival of water, are feeling pretty good. There is a very good demand for flour from the East, and millers are able to sell all they want at present prices.

The export market was quite active a few days back, and some of our firms made heavy sales, and largely of patents, at prices said to be as good as could be obtained in this county. Trade in that direction is more quiet now, and millers seem to be giving greater attention to domestic business. The direct flour exports for the week were 47,300 barrels, against 43,500 the week before.

Receipts for the week ending April 3—Wheat, 1,057,350 bu; flour, 2,576 bbls. Shipments for the week—Wheat, 144,780 bu; flour, 120,520 bbls.; mill stuffs, 3,834 tons. Wheat in store at Minneapolis, 7,471,270 bu.; at St. Paul, 460,000 bu.; at Duluth, 7,744,303 bu.

IN HER HAT.

How a Chicago Woman Tried to Beat Uncle Sam.

NEW YORK, April 7.—Mrs. Francis DeGroes, who came over on the steamer Belgenland, and who says she is the proprietress of a boarding-house at No. 52 Hawthorne street, Chicago, got into trouble with Uncle Sam's customs inspectors yesterday. Somehow or other they suspected her honesty in declaring that she had no dutiable goods in her possession and made a thorough search of her clothing. In her hat, which was of the theatrical-nuisance pattern they found, wrapped in a sock, 30 pairs of gold cuff-rings, and a secret pocket in her dress held three gold watches, lots of finger rings and some other jewelry. All of this contraband jewelry stock was sent to the seizure room in the custom house.

Gold in the Mountain.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., April 7.—Interest in the gold discoveries in Lower California still continues. T. S. Vandyke, who explored the country last fall, is full of faith in the reports, which he says simply verify opinions formed from his observation at that time.

One expert, who claims to have prospected a large portion of the new country, says the fields really extend from a few miles below the boundary line down to San Quentin, and that gold can be found in the mountains the entire distance. Silver and iron also constitute a large portion of the mineral wealth above San Quentin, while below that point there is an abundance of copper.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Vermin on Live Stock.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have noticed several articles on the destruction of vermin on live stock. We all have a way of our own, which is all right if based upon reason and common sense. May way is to lock the barn before the horse is stolen. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," is an old saying if rightly used and applied. My belief is that no perfectly healthy domestic animal will ever breed or be infested with vermin it properly treated and cared for, and most all diseases may be warded off or prevented by using timely remedies or preventatives. During 20 years of farm experience I used from 15 to 25 pounds of sulphur every year, which can be bought for six cents per pound by the quantity. To prepare it for use, to one part sulphur add two parts salt, one part fine wood ashes, the stronger the better. Place it under an open shed if you have it, if not, in the yard, and put a cover over it, where all can have access when they please, and feed no other salt. During the last 20 years I have kept from one to ten horses constantly, kept and fed hundreds of cattle, hogs and sheep, and never lost by disease or otherwise $100, all told. In stall-feeding cattle, I give them a warm stable, plenty of fresh bedding, and use the card freely every day. To guard against lice, take an old tin baking powder can, fill about half full of flour of sulphur, perforate the cover with small holes, replace, and you are ready for business. Take your card in left hand, your pepper-box in right, get on near side of steer. Commence at tail and rake the hair toward the head with card, following up with a light sprinkling of sulphur from your box, from tail to horns. Then give the hair a light brush with hand back and forth, to work sulpher down into hair. Repeat this and in two or three weeks allow them all of the sunshine, but keep well sheltered from the storm. Crowd all of the feed into them that they will take and take clean. My word for it, you will be troubled with no lice and will get good returns for your trouble and feed. C. R. P., Alabama Centre, Genesee Co., N. Y.

Black Leg.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have seen in the BLADE FARM a cure for black leg in calves. When it is once seated, or located, in a calf's system I do not think it can be cured, for I have given it a good trial. It is caused by poison in the blood. I have seen it settle it calf's head when it would swell up as large as a water pail, and it will settle in the lungs and some times in the fore shoulder. The best way to cure it is to prevent it. I give my calves and young cattle saltpetre and sulphur. Since I have done that I have not lost any young cattle. What will cause it in one animal will not cause it in another. It is the best calves that have it, when over fed, by turning them into big feed in the fall or spring. In the spring about two weeks before I turn my cattle out to pasture, I give my young stock a full teaspoonful of saltpetre and give them another dose just before turning them out to pasture. In cases during the spring and summer I give about one half a teaspoonful of saltpetere once in two weeks. When I feed them drink, I put it in that. When not feeding them, I pulverize it and put it in a small wad of grass and punch it back in their mouth, so I know they got it. I have had the care of stock for a good many years and I have not lost any cattle.—F. H. P., Freedom, New York.

Hog Cholera.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—My son, O. C. Rogers, who lives in Ewing, Nebraska, had his hogs attacked with cholera, and after losing 35, used this medicine. At the time he commenced using it he had six with it and nine seemingly well and saved all, and that was over two months ago: Tobacco, 1½ lbs.; glauber salts, 2 lbs.; senna, ¾ lb.; worm seed, ¾ lb.; liquorice, 1½ lbs.; boil in two pails of water 20 minutes, stir well. This will do for 40 hogs. Keep hogs from food 24 hours and give in swill or milk. If too sick to drink, turn it down them. Give a little once in one or two months. I send this thinking it should be given to the public.—O. P. ROGERS, Marengo, Illinois.

Farming Does Pay (?)—Imported Eggs—Items.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Mr. Burr and P. Shepard have switched me back on the fields of the BLADE FARM.

Farmers complain that farming does not pay. It does pay! It pays the produce dealer; it pays the boards of trade; it pays the railroad company; and, with the present low price farm produce, it pays the farmer nothing. No one has any reason for saying farming does not pay.

Buy none of the cheap advertised articles. They are worthless, as they are not heavy enough to throw at a dog.

I do not think a lamp can be exploded with little or nothing in it.

Never put hog manure on your cabbage patch. They will be clubfooted and lousy if you do.

Why do not the farmers of the United States get but nine cents a dozen for eggs on the average. Eggs are duty free. In 1884 there imported into this country 16,487,204 dozen of eggs, for which we paid $2,677,360. In 1885, there were imported into our country 16,098,450 dozens of eggs, for which we paid $2,476,673. So in two years we paid to foreigners $5,153,033 in gold that had much better be kept at home.—E. REYNOLDS.

To Get Rid of Crawfish.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I will try to give an answer to the question how to rid springs of crawfish. The best remedy I can find is to salt the ground around the spring and pour some in their holes each day for two days, and they will leave.—G. E. GAITS, Woodland, West Virginia.

Russian Sunflower Seed.

Mr. Edwin Reynolds, Metowen, Wis., purely in the interests of agriculture, offered to give free, to the readers of the BLADE FARM, Russian sunflower seeds. He writes: "Requests for sunflower seeds are coming in goodly numbers. I have four quarts left, so the supply is not likely to be exhausted for a few weeks yet. They are a very beautiful seed, striped with black and white, and are native to portions of Europe. They grow a good strong stalk, with but one head on a stalk. At some future time I will describe my method of raising, curing and feeding them. I may as well say here that they are grown in waste places, in fence corners, and wherever a seed can be put in and not interfere with other plants."

Grafting—Young Orchards—Insecticides.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I would be glad to have some one with experience give through the BLADE FARM, instructions for grafting on the limbs of apple trees, how and when to graft, also, how to make grafting wax. As this country is new, and a great many young orchards are being set out, this would be of much interest to the BLADE readers in this new country. Also, the care and cultivation of a young orchard. Would also like to know of some insecticide that would rid squash vines of bugs.—A. A. ROSE, Buchanan, Nebraska.

How to Dehorn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Since the publishing of my letter on dehorning cattle in the BLADE FARM of March 22 I have received a score of letters from six different states, asking what Kind of tools we used in dehorning, how we confined the animal to perform the operation, and what we did to stop the flow of blood. We first want a very small lot made strong and high, then we build our stocks in one corner of the lot, or just outside of lot at a corner with gap sufficiently large for an animal to pass in. We build our stocks by setting three posts in a row about four feet apart, then set three more posts opposite them, and let the posts stand about twenty inches apart at the bottom and two and a half feet at the top. Let your posts be strong and set solid in the ground. Then nail strong boards on each side of posts, leaving a crevice large enough on each side to run a pole in behind the animal when in. At the front end of the stock put pieces at the bottom and for large cattle bolt on a two by six inch cross piece about three and one-half feet from the ground, then another cross piece of the same size about two feet above the first. When you get your animal in loop a half-inch rope around the neck, take a half-hitch around the nose, draw his head through between the cross pieces, pass the rope around to one side through a ring attached to one of the posts, drawing the animal's head around to one side. You want the animal's head as still as possible, then the operator wants a small, stiff-back, fine-toothed carpenter's saw, and perfectly sharp, and a sharp knife. Then take hold of horn with left hand and use the saw with the right hand. Cut close enough to the head to have a little hair around the end of the horn when cut off. Saw until the horn will drop over, then saw the other the same way, then take the knife and cut the horn, or skin, that holds the horn. If properly fixed you need not be two minutes taking the horn off of an animal.

Some do nothing for the wound, while others apply a little axle grease a pine tar. I know of over 500 head of cattle being dehorned in this neighborhood within the last six months, and I have not heard of one dying or missing a feed from the effects of dehorning. Some bleed more than others, but none to injure them. I dehorned from six months-old calves to fourteen-year-old cows, but think it best to dehorn spring calves in the fall. For stocks for small cattle, you can make proportionately smaller than I have mentioned, or you can fill in with dirt, so the small ones can get their heads through without reaching too high. You want plenty of help, in order to make short work of it. I have given, as near as I can, the way we prepare and operate here. But others have other devices that may be better than ours. I know of a man that makes dehorning a business. He has his stocks made with iron rods and bolts to give strength, and mounted on wheels, and takes it with him, thus saving his patrons the trouble of making stocks.—E. S. MILLER, Oxford, Kas.

Farm Products.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will any of the readers of the FARM tell me at what time in the moon to plant the various kinds of farm products, such as potatoes, onions, cucumbers, etc.? Some believe in it and some do not. I believe the moon affects the tide; why should it not vegetation? Those who do not take stock in this, need not answer; but any one who has faith in it, and knows, I would like to hear from.—CAPT. CLYDE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Winter Cellar.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some kind reader of the BLADE FARM inform me how to build a winter cellar for keeping potatoes, apples, cabbage and all garden truck through the winter in first class shape? A cellar that can be regulated and kept at the desired temperature required to keep vegetables from frost and in good condition for spring markets.

Also of the cost of building one of about 5,000 bushel capacity.—J. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Clear Lake, Iowa.

What Kind of Hogs Shall We Raise?

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—It matters little to the general farmer what breed to raise, so that he is able to get quick returns for his trouble and money. He ought, by all means, to have as near full blooded hogs as possible, and one can succeed quite as well to raise the scrub hog. It is a waste of time and feed to try and make very much profit out of one such.

A good general purpose hog is the Poland China. They can, by proper care and feed, be made to weigh 250 pounds by the time they are seven months old, and there is where the profit comes in. Among other breeds I think the Chester, Essex and Berkshire hogs all are good breeds for the farmer. They are all good mothers, gentle, make quick growth, and fatten easily. Such a hog can easily be kept in condition for market at any time after four or five months old.

Breed early, so as to be able to breed for fall pigs which, kept in comfortable quarters in winter, can be made to make good growth.

With a good breed to start with, and with good quarters and good feed, hog raising can be made not only a pleasure, but a profit, and a good one at that. Above all things, let the farmers get out of the old rut of breeding any kind of hog and treating them to corn only, thrown in the mud and leaving them to lay in any kind of a bed. I used to treat them in same way but have, to my cost, finally seen the folly of it, and realize that I might have been worth more had I treated them right. Treat them right and see if your pocket-book isn't filled up more.—YOUNG FARMER.

About Calves.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—My experience is to have no calves come later than September for the good of the calf, or earlier than April for the good of the cow. I give my calves milk feed as soon as they will eat it. By big pails, I mean two halves. I find it pays just as well to bury turnips below the frost as it does potatoes. Feed mine to calves and hogs; cook for hogs. My greatest trouble is, this spring I'm short on turnips. If any one is troubled with blot in calves, rub them on the side; roll over and rub; make them get up and suit around. If not effectual resort to other methods.

I believe every farmer out now from 3 to 10 acres of rye if for nothing else but pasture.—A SUBSCRIBER, Newport, Mo.

Potatoes on Top of Ground.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have heard of the planting of potatos on the top of the ground and covering with straw. Will some who knows tell me how it is done. Does the ground have to be plowed? And how deep a covering of straw? Some one that has tried it please give directions in the BLADE FARM.—OLD SUBSCRIBER, Bangor, Maine.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Warts on Heifer.

H. R. H., Spruce Grove, Pa.: To remove the warts from cows in the eyes of your heifer, if the warts are dry, apply pure hog's lard once a day. This will, as a usual thing, result in their stoughing off and disappearing. If they have a mangy look, wash with a dilute acetic acid, and afterward apply lard. In young animals warts frequently disappear without application of any kind, which may prove the case with your heifer. However, the lard will assist in getting rid of them. The acetic acid should not be used if it can be avoided, as it may get into the eye and do harm.

Feundered.

W. R. V., Kin's Corners, Wis.: From what you say we judge your mare is suffering from founder. Give light cathartic, as aloes 2½ drachms; bicarbonate of soda, 1 ounce. After this has operated give 15 drops tinc. aconite root in tablespoonful of water every two hours until three doses are taken; after this give twice a day for a week. Remove the shoes and pare down the bare feet. Put both her feet in a tub of warm water and wrap the legs from the knees to the fetlocks with flannels. Put in stall with forefeet standing on clay. Must have rest for two or three weeks. If the case has run any length of time and has become chronic there is no permanent cure. A mild fly blister round the coronet once a month will give relief.

Sprinkler.

S. J. B., Norfolk, Conn.: You can get a sprinkler for spraying poultry houses from any hardware establishment that keeps a good stock of goods, or any hardware man may order one for you.

Grape Insects.

G. Williams, Missouri: We judge your grapes have been injured by the grape-berry moth. To keep the moth from the vines is almost an impossibility. However, if you burn the leaves as they fall you will kill the caryalides, as they are found on the leaves. Also, keep the ground about the vines well cleaned. Stir the ground around the roots of the vines and open your vines by trimming or otherwise, so that the sunlight can penetrate through the leaves. Scatter potash on the ground under the vines. If you do this, it will not only prevent the moth of your grapes from being destroyed, but will keep mildew from injuring them. By keeping your vines in a healthy condition, you will find but little trouble from insects or mildew.

Swine Diseases.

W. C., Appleton, Kansas: The disease that broke out among your hogs and those of your neighbors was contagious pneumonia—pleuritis. The animal at first is dull and does not care to move about; the next stage is an attempt to vomit; then comes costiveness, coughing and a check to urination. After this blotches make their appearance. The breathing becomes laborded and a fetid diarhoea sets in, and the hog dies within three days. The disease results from bad sewer gas, much heating food, drinking impure water, etc. The remedies are: Sulphate of iron, one pound; warm water, three gallons. Apply milk warm to the sick anima by repeated sponging. Many farmers use this: Sulphate of iron, two pounds; soap, two gallons. Boil with several gallons of water. This is sufficient for 50 hogs, added to slop. As they come to the slop stir into it about two pounds of soda so that it will foam when the hogs drink the slop. Repeat this dose every three or four days. If the animal is too ill to eat apply the remedy first given. It is claimed that a few handfuls of common wood ashes stirred in the slop will prevent this disease. When corn is fed, boil it in water in which a little wood ashes has been thrown, say twice a week. Mixed charcoal and salt or bituminous coal are also a preventitive. Feeds no corn to an animal when you see it begins to have a sleepy look. When the disease breaks out among your hogs or anywhere in the neighborhood, feed turnips if you have them, or potatoes, frequently. A watery diet is necessary at such times.

Catarrh in Sheep—Sweeny.

J. A. D., Arkansaw, Wisconsin: Henry Stewart, in the Shepherd's Manual, says of catarrh in sheep: "The treatment consists in removal of the causes, good nursing, administering slightly warm and mucilaginous drinks, as oatmeal gruel or linseed tea, along with a gentle stimulant, such as half a teaspoonful of ground ginger. The antiseptic effect of a small quantity of clean pine tar rubbed upon the sheep's nose, some of which the animal will lick off and swallow, will be beneficial. If there is fever, and the nose is dry and hot, the following may be given: Epsom salts, half an ounce; saltpetre, 1 dr.; ground ginger, 1 dr. This should be mixed with molasses and placed on the back part of the tongue with a long, narrow-bladed wooden knife or spatula. The animal's head should be held up until the whole is swallowed in repeated small quantities, or the dose may be mixed with thin gruel and administered by means of a small horn." Regarding sweeny, see recent number of BLADE.

A Steer With a Sore Mouth.

A. F. H., Marion County, Illinois: Your steer was attacked by a febrile complaint known as the foot-and-mouth disease, first introduced into the United States in 1869. It is seldom fatal. By taking of chlorate of potash, two ounces, molasses, eight ounces, and rubbing them well together, and placing a spoonful within the lips several times a day, the animal soon recovers. If the feet are affected, wash them with acetate of lead, half an ounce, carbolic acid, one ounce, water, one quart. Dip lint or tow in it, and bind them to the foot of between the toes with a bandage.

Cough in Horse.

G. N. M., Marshall county, Kans.: If your horse has heaves relief may be given but a cure is impossible, as it is caused by a rupture of small cells in the lungs. We are inclined to the belief, however, that the trouble is more in the bronchial tubes. Give this powdered nitre, one drachm; extract of belladona, one drachm; arsenic, eight grains. Give this as a ball, once a day for a week. Give no corn, but easily digested food, and not much water. Rub the throat with mustard. After giving the above, take of stick licorice, two ounces; pine tree tar, two ounces; dilute with water until about the consistency of molasses, and for a month, once a day, every other day, put a little of it on the tongue with a small wooden paddle.

When to Dehorn—To Stop the Flow of Blood.

A. H. White, Java, Pa., sends a good communication, but as it is written on both sides of the paper we cannot give it. To get it in shape for the printers we would have to transcribe that part of it written on the opposite side of the paper. We recommend sheep's tallow to rub on the severed horn, not to stop the flow of blood, but to assist in healing. Your suggestion that warm tar rubbed on to stop the flow of blood is a good one. As you say, it is

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Tube-workers are in convention at Pittsburg to f rmulate a new national scale.

The retirement of General Terry by the board just appointed is considered certain.

The President has vetoed the bill for the relief of Nat McKay and the heirs of Donald McKay.

China has closed the ports of Chun Chung. Manchester, Eng., merchants are greatly excited.

Judge Scholfield of Illinois, positively denies his reported candidacy for the federal chief justiceship.

M. Milline has been elected president of the French deputies, defeating M. Cemenceu. The chamber adjourned to May 19, as also did the senate.

The United States supreme court has refused the second application for a re-hearing of the driven well cases.

A man named Tranoff has been arrested in St. Petersburg for waiting before Count Volster's house to shoot him.

H. G. C. Willis, who shot his father-in-law at Racine, O., and a pursuing officer, has been caught at Wheeling, W. Va.

The meeting of the National Woman's Suffrage Association began Tuesday in Washington. In the evening public meeting was held at which speeches in favor of woman suffrage were made by Mrs. S. M. Perkins of Cleveland, and Lilla Devereaux Blake of New York.

The Cincinnati *Price Current's* comparison of American hog packing for the past two seasons shows a shortage of 730,000 hogs by weight from the 1886-7 season. The actual number increased, 517,828. The summer season of 1887 shows a decrease of 33,000 hogs from 1886.

GENERAL JOHN H. KING IS DEAD

A Well Known Man Passes From the Public Gaze.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—General John H. King, of Detroit, died at his Washington residence, 1720 H street, shortly before midnight on Saturday. He was taken ill with pneumonia last Monday, but was not thought to be seriously ill until the middle of the week. He was very low on Thursday and his family and friends, who were waiting in their attendance at his bedside, were very apprehensive of the result.

Gen. King was born in Madison barracks, at Sackett's Harbor, New York, in 1821, and was consequently 67 years old when he died. He removed to Detroit in 1828, and was brought up in the family of that celebrated soldier, Gen. Hugh Brady. He entered the army at the age of 16, and became Second Lieutenant of the First Infantry, December 2, 1837. He became a First Lieutenant March 2, 1839. He served throughout the Indian wars in Florida with great gallantry and was then placed on duty in the West. On the opening of the Mexican war he responded to orders by marching with his company from Fort Snelling to Jefferson barracks on snow shoes. The General was a brave participant in the march on the Walls of the Montezumas, serving in all the famous battles from Vera Cruz to the gates of Mexico.

He became captain October 31, 1846, and was afterward an officer on the frontier. He served with distinction through out the war of the rebellion as a brigadier and division commander in the Army of the West under Grant, Sherman, Thomas and Rosecrans. He was major of the Fifteenth infantry, brigadier general of volunteers and lieutenant colonel Fourteenth infantry. His brevets were as follows: Colonel for gallant service at Chickamauga, brigadier general for gallant services at Ruff's Station, and major general for gallant and meritorious services throughout the war. From 1865 until his retirement from the service he was colonel of the Ninth infantry. After the war was over he served in California and the army of Platte until February 20, 1882, when he was retired at his own request, having reached the age of 62 years.

CROP BULLETIN.

The Weather Last Week was Most Propitious.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The crop bulletin issued from the signal office shows that the week ended April 8 has been warmer than usual in all agricultural districts except in Wisconsin, Minnesota, northern portions of Dakota and New York. In the wheat and corn regions of the central valleys the daily average temperature was from three to six degrees above mean. The rainfall has been slightly in excess in the extreme northern portions of the United States and in New England, New York, and in parts of Virginia and Illinois. In all other sections the rainfall has been less than usual. There has been less rain than usual from the Gulf States northward to the lake region, but the deficiency is slight, amounting generally to less than 15 per cent. of the usual amount, and during the past four months there has an excess of rainfall in the whole wheat states. It is generally reported as the most favorable week of the season, and farm work is progressing rapidly in the central valleys and Middle Atlantic states.

CATTLE DEHORNED.

Some of Them Get Along Well, But Others Will Die.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., April 9.—Thousands of cattle have been dehorned in this section since the outbreak of the craze a few months ago, and with but few exceptions the animals rapidly recovered from the operation. Yesterday, however, news came that several droves of recently dehorned cattle on farms west of Bloomington are in a most pitiable and serious condition. Their horns were removed March 1, and the wounds have not healed, and mortification is reported to have set in in the flesh of the head. Something like 100 animals are reported to be thus affected.

DROWNING US OUT.

The Mexicans Bringing Engineering Skill Into Play.

EL PASO, Tex., April 7.—Alarm is felt among the property owners in the southern portion of El Paso at the action of the Mexican authorities in El Paso Del Norte, just across the river from El Paso. Wing dams and willow mattress work are being erected along the Rio Grande, which will have a tendency to throw the current of the river over on the American side, and wash away a portion of the lower site of El Paso.

A skillful engineer, paid out of the general fund of the Mexican custom house, is doing the work. A formal protest will be made by El Paso. The Mexicans claim the work is being done to protect El Paso Del Norte, the town opposite. Should the lower site of El Paso be encroached upon, a large section of the town, including a Santa Fe track, the Mexican Central bridge and many valuable buildings would be endangered.

HIGH LICENSE.

Minnesota Republicans are Enthusiastic in Their Praise of It.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 5.—A local paper publishes interviews with about 200 prominent Republicans of Minnesota regarding the workings of high license in this state, where the law has been in effect for about eight months. It is agreed that the law has worked well in all the cities, and that the effect has been good, not only in the sense of increased revenue, but in lessening the number of saloons, and in bettering the character of those that are in operation under the law.

With one single exception the replies show that the sentiment is favorable to the retention of the law, and in nearly every case the statement is made that the people would not consent to a return to the old order of things. In Carver county alone, where there are a great many Germans, the law has been disregarded, but the sentiment there has always been strongly opposed to any restriction of the traffic.

ON THE FREE LIST.

What Canada Proposes to Take the Duty Off.

OTTAWA, April 6.—The following is a complete list of the articles to be placed on the Canada free list by a proclamation in the next *Official Gazette*:

Green fruits—Bananas, olives, pineapples, plantais tamatinds, apples, blackberries, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, cherries, cranberries, peaches, plums, quinces, apricots, lichi fruit, mangoes and melons.

Seeds—Anise, star, canary, caraway, coriander (crud), cardamon (crude), cinnamon (crude), fenugreek (crude), fennel (crude), jute, mustard (brown and white), sugar beet, seeds of fruit trees and sesame.

Plants, trees and shrubs—Apple, peach, pear, plum, cherry, quince and all other fruit trees, gooseberry, raspberry, blackberry, currant and rose bushes; grapevines, shade, lawn and ornamental trees, shrubs and plants.

The Gold Scare.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 6.—Nothing can be learned here of the gold discoveries in lower California. The gold mines discovered a few days since in Fresno county, this state, which may be classed as southern California mines, are nothing very wonderful so far as known.

Not to Condemn George's Writings.

LONDON, April 6.—The *Daily Chronicle's* correspondent at Rome says that, in consequence of a recent letter from Cardinal Gibbons, the congregation of the Index Expurgatorius has decided not to condemn Henry George's writings.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE DIRECT TAX BILL.

The Ex-Confederates do Not Forget the Success of the Years Gone By.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—(Special.)—Every conceivable species of filibustering tactics is being resorted to in the House to defeat the direct tax bill. Several tests votes have been taken revealing a large majority for the bill, and there is no doubt of its passage, if a vote can be secured upon it.

This is the last day set aside for the committee on Judiciary and if it can be consumed by dilatory motions and a final vote on the measure defeated there will be no hope for it. But its friends say it will be reached to-day. Ex Confederates are solidly opposed to the bill. Nearly every Northern member supports it.

LATER.—Friends of direct tax bill have about given up all hopes of its passage. They acknowledge that filibusters will likely win.

It is true there are less than a dozen over the one-fifth necessary to secure a call by ayes and noes, but they are all standing together as solidly as ever a Confederate phalanx faced a Northern brigade and are making point after point in time.

At this time it looks like the bill would be defeated by filibustering and Ohio would loose the $1,300,000 it provides for her.

SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS.

They Declare for Protected Ballot and Industries.

JACKSON, Miss., April 5.—The Republican State convention to nominate delegates to the Republican National convention assembled here. John R. Lynch called the convention to order and made a speech attacking both the state and national administrations. He charged the latter with being weak and corrupt, and said the party's candidate for President should be a man who would see that the ballots of the people and American industries were both protected. The delegates to the National convention from the state at large are: John R. Lynch of Adams county, James Hill of Hinds, T. W. Stringer of Warren and John R. McGill of this city.

Mr. Lynch, chairman of the committee on Resolutions, presented a report, arraigning the state administration and denouncing the last legislature in unmeasured terms. He strongly characterized the penitentiary leasing system. Acts of the legislature relative to separate accommodation in railroad trains for white and colored people, and the poll tax law are violently attacked, and resistance to the railroad bill is advised. The convention did not instruct the delegates to the Chicago convention, but referred to John Sherman as a popular statesman and one of the strongest men mentioned in connection with the Presidency, and to whose nomination would be specially acceptable to the state.

ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT.

Pennsylvania Democrats Ticklish About Voting for the Mills Bill.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—More than one Pennsylvania Democrat is on the anxious seat in regard to the tariff bill. Two weeks ago, when the terms of the bill were first made known, it was pretty well understood that with some slight modifications it would receive the support of every Democrat except Sowden and Randall. This supposed fact was pretty extensively circulated, and since that time these Democrats have been hearing from their constituents, and it is now pretty certain that the bill which Speaker Carlisle says is a long stride toward free trade will not receive so many votes from Pennsylvania.

Ermentrout and Sowden are now in the same district. The former has been claiming a walkover in the nominating convention, but it has become evident to him that Sowden's reported position on the tariff bill is more nearly in sympathy with the sentiment of the district than his, and Sowden is in his seat looking happy these days, while Ermentrout is at home repairing his fences.

The only certain support the tariff bill will have from Pennsylvania, without it be much further modified, is according to the nearest figuring, Scott, Maish and Buckalew. Hall, of the Mercer district, would naturally go with Scott on personal grounds, but a Democratic constituent said to-day that while Hall cannot hope to be re-elected in the new district in which he finds himself, he wants the compliments of a renomination, but even this would be refused him if he supported the Mills bill in its present form, as every Democrat of his country and district is a strong protectionist.

CLEAR THE TRACK.

Preparing for the Raid by the Rebel Brigadiers Into the Union Ranks.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—Senator Daniels to-day introduced a bill to repeal section 1,218 of the revised statutes which provides that "No person who has served in any capacity in the military, naval or civil service of the so-called Confederate states, or of either of the states in insurrection during the late rebellion shall be appointed to any position in the army of the United States."

THE BOND BILL.

Full Text of the Bill as Amended—The Changes Made in it.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—In the Senate the consideration of the House bill for the purchase of United States bonds was resumed. In a few sentences McPherson withdrew the amendment offered by him yesterday. Then the substitute as amended by the Beck proposition was agreed to without discussion or division, and the bill was read the third time and passed.

A desire to have the yeas and nays taken on the passage of the bill was indicated by Mr. Stewart, but hearing dissent on all sides he withdrew the demand, and then, on motion of Mr. Beck, the Senate insisted on its amendment to the bill, and the following committee of conference was appointed: Messrs. Sherman, Allison and Beck. The following is the text of the bill passed:

That section 2 of the act making appropriations for sundry civil expenses of the government for the year ending June 30, 1882, and for other purposes, and which is as follows: "That the secretary of the treasury, may, at any time apply the surplus money in the treasury, not otherwise appropriated, or so much thereof as he may consider proper to so purchase for redemption of United States bonds; provided that the bonds so purchased, or redeemed shall constitute no part of the sinking fund, but shall be canceled," was intended to be a permanent provision of law, and that the sum thereof to be used for the purchase of bonds within 30 days thereafter, the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized and directed to purchase at the market price thereof an equivalent amount in silver bullion in excess of $2,000,000 worth per month for coinage purposes, which shall be coined and used as provided in the act passed February 28, 1878, entitled "An act authorizing the coinage of the standard silver dollar and restore its legal tender character," providing that nothing in this act shall alter or repeal said act of February 28, 1878.

THE CENSUS.

Mr. Cox's Bill Proposes to Cut Out Some of Its Useless Features.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—Mr. Cox, chairman of the Census committee, to-day reported back to the house his bill to provide for taking the eleventh and subsequent censuses. He proposes two amendments. Both have reference to the publication. The number of volumes under the tenth census were 22, and the amendments cut off many topics for expert discussions and leave only seven subjects: Population and social statistics relating thereto; the products of manufactories, ming and agriculture, mortality and vital statistics, valuations and public indebtedness.

The bill limits the cost of the next census to $8,000,000, exclusive of printing and engraving.

The report accompanying the bill says that the subjects which are omitted, although very useful for general information, discussion and social science, are omitted because the information may be gathered by and published from other bureaus of the government and because they can well be dispensed with from the decennial census.

OUR GREAT NAVY.

The Officers and the Commodore's Wife Quarrel to See Who Shall Run the Ship.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—(Special.)—The court-martial of Capt. Selfridge is coming on in June, and will be something of a sensation in Washington, although there are no new facts to be brought out. A friend of Capt. Selfridge, in Newport, writes to the *Capitol* as follows:

"In naval circles the inside story of Selfridge's suspension—for there is an inside story—is well known. For a long time there has existed between Admiral Chandler and his wife an intense dislike of Capt. Selfridge, because, as officers allege, the latter would not submit to petticoat government.

"Mrs. Chandler has been out on the Japanese station since the squadron has been there. The 'trial,' which is the outcome of Captain Selfridge's own suggestion, will be held in order that he may be properly exonerated. Some time since there was a denial that any social troubles existed between the admiral and the captain, but some one very near, indeed, to the latter declares that is the explanation of the whole affair, including the suspension."

Pension Bill Approved.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—The President today approved the act granting a pension to Mary S. Logan, widow of Gen. John A. Logan; the act to increase the pension of Mrs. Apolline A. Blair; the act for the relief of William G. Galloway, late a captain in the army; the act for the relief of Frank Baker, and the act making an appropriation to construct a road and approaches from Pineville, La., to the national military cemetery near that town.

THE OLEOMARGARINE CASE.

The Supreme Court Holds that the State Can Regulate It.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The Supreme court of the United States to-day rendered an opinion in case No. 814, William L. Powell, plaintiff in error, versus the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, commonly known as the "Oleomargarine case." In error to the Supreme court of Pennsylvania.

This case brings up for review a judgment of the Supreme court of Pennsylvania sustaining the validity of a statute of that commonwealth, making it unlawful for a person to transfer, sell or offer for sale any butter or cheese or any article designed to take the place of these articles produced from any compound other than unadulterated milk or cream.

The plaintiff was convicted of a violation of this statute, and took an appeal, basing it on the ground that the statute was in violation of the fourteenth amendment to the constitution, and that the article sold was a new invention not injurious to the public health.

The court holds that it is entirely within the police powers of the state to protect the public health, and that the question whether the manufacture of oleomargarine is, or may be conducted in such a way as to involve such danger to public health as to require the suppression of the business, rather than its regulation, are questions of fact and of public policy which belong to the legislative department to determine.

It all that can be said of this legislation is that it is unwise, or unnecessarily oppressive, then the appeal must be to the legislature, or to the ballot box, not to the judicial department.

THE G. A. R. PENSION BILL.

The House Puts it Through the Mill—Important Amendments.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The House committee on Invalid Pensions took final action upon the Senate bill known as the dependent pension bill. Some verbal amendments were made to the first section relating to the claims of dependent parents, but none materially changed the effect of the section.

A substitute was adopted for the second section, which is the principal section of the bill. The substitute provides a pension for all persons who have served in the military or naval service of the United States for any period, and who have been honorably discharged, and who are now and who may hereafter be suffering from mental or physical disability, not the result of their own vicious habits, which totally disables them from the performance of manual labor, at the rate per month of one cent for every day's war service.

It further provides the same pension for all persons who are sixty-five years of age, or who may hereafter become 62 years of age during their natural lives.

Section 3 was amended so as to provide that when the widow of any person who served in the war and who had been honorably discharged, is in a condition of dependence or is suffering from any disability recognized by the general pension laws or is 62 years of age, she shall be placed upon the pension roll at the rate per month of one cent for every day's wor service of her husband.

The fourth section was amended so as to make the attorney's fees for claims filed under the bill $5 instead of $10.

The element of dependency placed in the Grand Army bill by the Senate, was eliminated, so all soldiers are to be pensioned for their services equally without regard to their financial condition and according to the per diem idea.

The amendments were adopted by a strict party vote, the Republicans favoring the provisions of the Senate bill, so that the amended bill may be regarded as embodying the Democratic policy in the matter of pension legislation.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The Outlook is not Overpromising for a Yield this Year.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—The April statistical returns to the department of agriculture relate to the condition of winter grain and of farm animals. The season of seeding was long, three months in some of the Southern States and the appearance as winter set in was uneven, though the plants were rooted. In the states affected by summer drouth, there was slow germination in soils not well pulverized, causing thin stands in such acres. Hence, a superficial impression of condition was made which our trained correspondents saw at once was deceptive and that the impairment of status was slight.

Later rains improved the prospects. In the South the soil was in good condition, and the full growth was generally good.

In the Middle states the seeding season was moderately favorable, though in some places the soil was dry.

In California, wite some exceptions a very favorable season for seeding and germination is reported. Drouth in Oregon delayed the plant growth. Only partial winter protection was enjoyed in the northern belt.

The variable temperature of March seriously injured the grant in the central states of the West and some loss from winter killing appears even in Texas.

On the Atlantic coast the winter injury was very slight. South of Maryland the temperature was mild and favorable.

The present appearance of the crop is quite unfavorable, as the spring is late and the present growth of late sown products is comparatively small. Favorable spring weather might make a favorable improvement.

The average of present condition is 82, lower than in recent years excepting only 1883 and 1885, when the averages were 80 and 76 respectively.

The averages of the states of principal production are as follows: New York, 91; Pennsylvania, 90; Ohio, 68; Michigan, 76; Indiana, 75; Illinois, 74; Missouri, 82; Kansas, 97.

The average of Texas is 88 and of most of the Southern states higher, from 87 in Arkansas to 97 in Tennessee, though the area seeded is small in this region.

THE DIRECT TAX DEADLOCK.

At this hour, 2 o'clock, there is no change or prospect of a change in the deadlock. No concessions have been made by either side of the controversy, and all talk of a compromise has ceased.

It is generally thought among members that the present condition of affairs will continue until Tuesday next—the day when it is intended to call the tariff bill—when a determined effort will be made to break the dead-lock.

There is a desire on the part of the Democratic advocates of the direct tax bill to have a caucus called for the purpose of determining what course should be pursued to put an end to the present stagnation of business, but while the opponents indicate willingness to have a caucus called for consultation they decline to be bound by caucus action. A call of the house is now in progress.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

But Little Accomplished During the Past Week.

APRIL 4.—Senate—The day was spent discussing the House resolution empowering the secretary of the Treasury to invest certain funds in United States bonds, but a final vote was not reached. The bill was discussed on the 5th and passed on the 6th.

APRIL 9.—Senate—Bills passed: To change the time of the sessions of the Circuit and District courts of the northern division of the Eastern district of Missouri at Hannibal; to give validity to certain patents for inventions that were irregularly issued, being signed by Second Assistant Secretary of the Interior Hawkins instead of by the secretary himself; to ratify and confirm the act of the New Mexico legislature creating the county of San Juan. Passed with an amendment declaring Aztec the county seat. Bills introduced: To amend and enlarge the act for the distribution of the awards under the convention with Mexico, for the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain and France; for the completion of the direct tax of 1861. This bill revives and re-enacts those sections of the act of 1861 imposing the direct tax of $20,000,000 and provides for the collection of all unpaid balances with 5 per cent. interest thereon, the states to have the privilege of assuming their quotas less 15 per cent. deduction, otherwise the tax is to be collected from the land of individuals as provided in the original act.——The bills to authorize the sale to aliens of certain mineral lands and to provide for the admission of Dakota to the Union were discussed without action.

APRIL 10.—House—The house has been deadlocked for a week on the direct tax bill.

ELECTION NEWS.

LITTLE RHODY'S BALLOTS.

A Rousing Victory Starts the Campaign Ball.

PROVIDENCE, April 5.—The state election went Republican by about 1,500 on the general ticket and the Republicans had a sweeping majority on the legislature, capturing this city with twelve representatives, and about 25 of the other 35 towns. Pawtucket is not heard from on the Assembly ticket and Newport succeeded in electing only a senator, Democratic, failing of election on the five representatives. Both cities, however, endorsed the Republican gubernatorial ticket.

The full vote for governor was a follows: Taft, (Rep.) 20,768; Davis, (Dem.) 17,444; Gould (Pro.) 1,335; majority for Taft, 1,989. Providence gave Taft 211 majority. On the legislative ticket, the Republicans have regained nearly every town they lost last year. Barrington, however, which has always been Republican was captured by the Democrats.

The gubernatorial ticket is elected with little variation in the vote of any of the candidates. The independent opposition to the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor was largely offset by special efforts in his behalf in Kent county, where he is a large mill owner.

The exact status of the general assembly cannot be given on account of the failure of election in Newport and a couple of towns, but the Republicans will have a majority on joint ballot.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 5.—Later.—Full returns of yesterday's election show Royal C. Taft, Republican, has a majority of 1,984.

Enos Lapham, Republican, for lieutenant governor, has a majority of 1,755.

The suffrage amendment had 573 over the necessary three-fifths vote.

The Senate stands: Republicans, 25; Democrats, 6; no election, 1. House: Republicans, 55; Democrats, 10; Prohibition, 1; no election, 7.

HILL IN THE RACE.

He is Too Good a Politician to Decline Anything Before it Has Been Offered to Him.

ALBANY, April 5.—(Special.)—"You may put it down as settled that David Bennett Hill, the keen and wily governor of New York, is in the field for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Any one who for any reason puts his faith on rumors that the governor is going to announce his declination of the honor before it is offered him, or after, is simply mistaken.

"The most surprising of all these rumors was that David, following the example of the late lamented Blaine, had written a letter to some faithful henchman, which at the proper time would be sprung on the people of this state industriously spread by friends of the administration. Governor Hill has not written any such letter, and he will not write such a letter."

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.

Wild Men in Mexico to be Brought Under Religious Control.

NEW YORK, April 7.—A special from the city of Mexico says: A party of Catholic missionaries will shortly leave this city for Southern Mexico, with a view to converting the Lacondons, a wild tribe of Indians, 25,000 in number, scattered over portions of the states of Campeche, Tabasco and Yucatan.

They are reported to preserve the religious and social customs of the Aztecs in their primitive purity. It is said that they still offer human sacrifices to their gods. The country which they inhabit has never been explored, but there is a popular legend in the state of Tabasco that in the heart of its forests the Lacondons possess a city with temples and bazaars such as were found by the Spaniards in Aztec cities on their first landing in Mexico.

Few white men have penetrated this region and none have ever returned alive. The Lacondons were never subdued by the Spaniards, and few attempts have been made to subjugate them. Since Mexico became independent they have held themselves absolutely aloof from all intercourse with Europeans.

The enterprise of the missionaries is considered extremely perilous. The government favors the conversion of the Indians. Catholicism will render them more amenable to civil jurisdiction.

The party is composed of Passionist and Jesuit fathers, and their mission has the direct sanction of the college of the Propaganda at Rome, as well as of the Archbishop and bishops of Mexico.

Catholic organs point to the undertaking as proof that the spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice among the Catholic clergy is as active to-day as in the times of St. Francis Xavier and his associates.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The Great Monopoly About to Surrender to the Dominion Government.

OTTAWA, Ont., April 7.—Negotiations are about completed between the government and the Canadian Pacific railroad company relative to the surrender by the latter of its monopoly. A few details are yet to be arranged. The basis of settlement is a government guarantee of the land grant bonds, bearing interest at three or three and a half per cent. The rate has not been agreed upon definitely.

As protection for this guarantee, the government gets the whole of the unsold portion of the company's lands, amounting to about 15,000,000 acres. The company will also be responsible for interest on the bonds, which will become a charge on the earnings in the event of the receipts from land sales proving inadequate, but there will be no mortgage on the railroad proper. The posts receipts of the company and the receipts for the transportation of Indian and militia stores will also be pledged to the government.

An accurate account will be kept of every transaction. With its largely increased capital, the company will add to its yearning capacity by large purchases of rolling stock and by generally improving the condition of the line. A special meeting of the stockholders of the company will be held on May 9, in Montreal, to ratify the agreement between the government and the company.

DROWNED IN A WELL.

Sad Termination of an Arbor Day Celebration in Missouri.

PALMYRA, Mo., April 7.—Yesterday being Arbor day, the teachers and scholars of the public school started shortly after dinner to the outskirts of the city to dig up trees to transplant in the school house yards.

On reaching the old Primrose place, some of the smaller children, who were in advance, gathered around a well and attempted to pump some water to drink. The planks on which they stood gave way, and fifteen of the children were precipitated into the well, containing five feet of water. By means of a rope, the teachers were successful in getting all but one out alive. Arthur, the 9-year-old son of Mrs. Lem Little, a widow, was drowned. Several others were injured, but none fatally.

KILLED HIS DAUGHTER

Because She Planned and Executed an Elopement.

WEATHERFORD, Texas, April 10.—N. Alston, a farmer living 16 miles north of here killed his daughter yesterday. S. W. Turpin, a merchant, had waited on Alston's daughter, but the latter threatened to kill Turpin if his daughter married him. The night of April 2, Turpin with two companions drove up to Alston's house. The two men held him while Turpin placed his daughter in a buggy and drove off. The next day they were married. Alston went to see them yesterday and his daughter told him she had planned the elopement. Alston, who was greatly angered, then stabbed her fourteen times in the breast, face and neck, killing her instantly.

SHARP IS DEAD.

The Chief of the New York Boodlers Has Taken His Case to the Highest Court.

NEW YORK, April 6.—Jacob Sharp died at 9:20 o'clock last night.

Mr Sharp had been growing weaker all day and was only partially conscious. The violent coughing and vomiting shortly after 6 o'clock weakened him so much that he could not rally, and death resulted from heart failure. Dr. Loomis had been called away by an urgent summons shortly before, and returned a few moments after the patient's death. He says Mr. Sharp's final illness was capillary bronchitis, complicated with heart and kidney disease and diabetis.

SENATOR CONKLING'S ILLNESS.

Belief that He Can Not Withstand the Terrible Nervous Strain.

NEW YORK, April 10.—Roscoe Conkling's illness dates from the eventful day of the big blizzard on March 12. On that Monday evening he started to walk to the Hoffman House from his Wall street office. He set out after 6 o'clock, and at a time when the snow was drifted very deep in some places, and when pedestrianism was well-nigh impossible, save to the very strongest and hardiest. On the following day Mr. Conkling related his terrible experience, which was printed in these dispatches at the time.

Although he attended to business for several days after this trying adventure, his friends remarked that he did not appear as bright and alert as usual. He complained of pains in his head and ear. These pains became acute, and finally grew unbearable, and he summoned Dr. Agnew on Friday, March 30.

Dr. Agnew, after an examination, decided that an abscess had formed within the ear. Despite all means used to alleviate the pain Mr. Conkling rapidly grew worse, and on Thursday last he was delirious.

"Soon after 11 o'clock last evening, it became noised about the hotels that Dr. Sands had said that the chances were that Mr. Conkling probably could not live more than 48 hours unless some unlooked for and almost unhoped for change should occur for the better. The one thing in his favor was his perfect physical condition and the wonderful constitution of the man. But that chance was a slight one at best, and yet the only one on which hopes of recovery could be based.

The Senator was informed of the exact possibilities in his case, and is said to have accepted the decision most philosophically and with the remark that he would take every advantage of that chance.

His physicians expressed to his friends the fear that the pain would be so intense that the Senator might lose his courage. Should that happen, they say, every hope of his recovery would be gone.

NEW YORK, April 10.—Everything was quiet at Mrs. Conking's residence from a late hour last night until this morning. At 7 o'clock Mrs. Conkling was seen. She says the ex-Senator passed a comparatively easy night, and was then somewhat better. He was resting quietly and had experienced no further attacks of delirium, and in every way seemed to be improving.

In the early evening the doctors trephined Mr. Conkling.

The surgical operation performed is a very delicate one. It consists in the cutting out and removal of a part of the temporal bone, the incision being made upon that prominence which may be felt just behind the ear. Beneath this lies the mechanism of the ear and in cases in which this mechanism becomes involved in serious suppuration, as in this instance, it becomes necessary to make an opening through which pus may be drawn off, otherwise inflammation will extend to the tissue of the brain. The saw or drill with which the circular piece of spongy bone is cut out is like the jagged edge of one end of a piece of small steel tubing. It is fixed for the first few turns by a prong in the center. Two holes, about half an inch in diameter, were made in the skull behind the year, and about an ounce of matter was taken out. Mr. Conkling seemed soon after to be greatly relieved.

ATTORNEY GEN. BREWSTER DEAD.

Another of the Country's Bright Lights Passes to the Beyond.

PHILADELPHIA, April 4.—Ex-Attorney General Brewster is dead.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The flag on the department of Justice was placed at half-mast as soon as the death of ex-Attorney General Brewster was announced, and Attorney General Garland issued an order that the building be draped in mourning and that it be closed on the day of the funeral.

Benjamin Harris Brewster, attorney-general of the United States during President Arthur's administration, and during whose term of office the famous star route cases were pushed to a conclusion, died early this morning, aged 71 years.

He had been suffering during the entire winter with disease of the kidneys, but his disease did not become serious until about a month ago, since when he has been confined to the house.

A week ago it was discovered by the doctor that paralysis of the bladder had set in, and his failure since then has been marked. Early to-day he sank into a heavy slumber and passed quietly away.

Mr. Brewster was one of the oldest and most prominent members of the Philadelphia bar. He was born October 16, 1816, in Salem county, N. J. He has been twice married, but was a widower at the time of his death. His second wife died about two years ago.

ARTHUR IN CHICAGO.

The Grand Chief of the Locomotive Brotherhood in Consultation With the "Q" Strikers.

CHICAGO, April 10.—Chief Arthur has returned to the headquarters of the striking Burlington engineers and firemen. He arrived in the city this morning from Omaha and went at once into conference with Chief Sargent and Chairman Hoge. The arrival of Mr. Arthur was an event of interest to the strikers and railroad officials alike, as it was generally assumed that with his presence the strike on the Burlington would enter upon a new phase.

The consultation lasted quite a long while, and during it, admittance was denied everybody. Speculation ran rife as to whether the chief had come on to try and end the disastrous warfare which has been going on for so many weeks, or to advise the men to hold out.

He is really in the hands of the men and cannot order the strike off, but if he sees that the engineers are fighting a losing game he can advise them to give in, and then it rests with the men themselves as to the course they will pursue.

BOYTON'S TRIP.

He Starts Down the Ohio on His Thousand Mile Swim.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., April 7.—Capt. Paul Boyton entered the river above Wheeling at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and began his 1,000 mile journey down the Ohio. Immense crowds lined the river banks and the suspension bridge was filled. His new boat was christened by Mayor Charles Seabright and named Seville, after a leading society belle of Wheeling. A number of ladies presented Boyton with a silk flag and Mayor Seabright gave him a box of stoggies. The Order of Elks manned a battery and saluted Boyton as he passed. At Bellaire, another salute was fired by the Wages of Sin Dramatic company, and all the bells of the city were rung and all the factories blew their whistles. Boyton responded by shooting rockets. He has a companion, George O. Starr, and is accompanied by several representatives of the press. At 9 o'clock the party passed Sunfish, a distance of 25 miles.

MAKING WAR ON A CHESTNUT.

An Auburn-Haired Girl Objects to Reference to White Horses.

NEW YORK, April 7.—Miss Germina Bressan, a 12 year-old young lady, has invoked the aid of the law to put a stop to the persecution of red-headed girls. Miss Germina has an abundant crop of beautiful hair of a glowing aburn hue, and she says it is the one annoyance of her young life. She lives at 96 Sullivan street. Yesterday Joseph Hornig, an 18-year-old neighbor, yelled across the street at her, "Where's the white horse?" Germina says it was about the millionth time she had heard the question, and she regarded it as an offensive chestnut and a public nuisance. So she went to Judge Patterson and got out a warrant for young Hornig. The villain was arrested, and was arraigned in police court this morning. The case was remanded, and Hornig is still locked up. All the red-haired girls in the city are going to chip in to hire a lawyer. They will also present Germina with some sort of a testimonial.

A SPRECKLES RUMOR.

Philadelphia Stands in the Way of Getting a Refinery.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 4.—It is stated by reliable authority that Clause Spreckles, the California sugar king, who is now in this city, has decided to build a refinery in Philadelphia, and that the purchase of a site for it on the Delaware river front will be consummated to day.

It is understood that $5,000,000 capital will be put into the enterprise, all to be supplied by Mr. Speckles himself, and that contracts for the erection, machinery, etc., will be placed in a few days.

The capacity of the proposed refinery is put at 7,000 barrels, or 2,000,000 pounds per day. The cost of the plant has been stated as $3,000,000, and the annual output as $35,000,000.

More Trouble in Havana.

HAVANA, April 10.—Advices from Matanzas state that the crops of the cane fields and all the houses of the Dolores estate have been burned. The fire spread to three adjoining estates—the Diana, the Andre and the Santana—destroying large quantities of cane and killing a large number of cattle.

Senor Galindez, a wealthy merchant, has been kidnaped at his estate in Santa Rita by bandits. It is reported that two planters have been kidnaped at Remedios.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A GERMAN SENSATION.

Bismarck Threatens to Resign on Account of the Proposed Marriage of the Emperor's Daughter.

BERLIN, April 6.—The Cologne *Gazette* publishes the following: Great excitement prevails in diplomatic circles in Berlin over the possibility of the speedy resignation of Prince Bismarck because of the proposed marriage of Prince Alexander of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Prussia. Prince Alexander wishes to accompany Queen Victoria to Berlin as a suitor for the hand of the Princess. The bearing of the reports is so serious that they cannot be passed over. Until the Bulgarian question shall have been settled by all the powers the projected marriage can only be judged from a political point of view, and on that account the marriage is an impossibility.

The German policy has its root in the endeavor to avoid anything that would be likely to arouse the slightest inducement for suspicion, and in the Bulgarian question Germany must, in accordance with the declaration made by Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag, remain a wholly uninterested party. As long as Bulgaria is in question, this course of action affords the only means of retaining the full confidence of the opposing governments.

That confidence would be disturbed in an instant if the Czar's most detested antagonist were to become the son-in-law of Emperor Frederick. As a German patriot, Prince Alexander cannot take a step which can only be the reverse of beneficial to the Fatherland. The intelligence of the Prince is so highly esteemed that it is impossible for him to attempt a suit which would assuredly cost the German people their Chancellor.

A special to the *Telegraph* from Berlin states that the following passage occured in the toast given by the Crown Prince to Prince Bismarck at the latter's birthday banquet: "The whole Imperial family hope that the Chancellor will be to the present what he was to the late monarch."

The *Cologne Gazette* regards the toast as evidence that Emperor Frederick will not consent to Prince Bismarck's resignation.

The Empress Augusta has sent through Prince Hohenlohe, her thanks for the expression of sympathy given by the people of Alsace and Lorraine.

General Von Loe, who was sent as a special envoy to England to announce to Queen Victoria the accession of Emperor Frederick to the throne of Germany, has been decorated with the order of the Red Eagle.

Since the reaction of public opinion in his favor, Dr. MacKenzie is daily flooded with invitations of a social nature.

THREE VICTORIAS.

Why Bismarck is Sulking in His Tent—His Worst Fears Realized.

NEW YORK, April 7.—The London correspondent of the *Times* cabled that paper last night as follows: It turns out that the perturbation at the Foreign office, the fact of which is cabled on Wednesday night, was caused by a private report from Berlin that Prince Bismarck has had a serious difference with the Kaiser and was threatening retirement. The rumor itself came out yesterday and made a commotion everywhere. To-day we have official denials from Berlin that the Chancellor is angry, and official statements that there is nothing in the story of Prince Alexander's forthcoming betrothal to Princess Victoria of Prussia.

How much they are worth it is difficult to say, but it is at least apparent that Prince Bismarck is restless and sulky under the new regime.

He feels there he has had to do with men alone; he finds himself now confronted with three generations of Victorias, all blessed with true guelphic sentimentality and obstinacy.

No wonder he is uncomfortable. Still less it is strange that he resists the Battenberg marriage, which would displease the great bulk of the German people, anger the Germans of army classes, enrage and affront the Czar of Russia, and perhaps precipitate war itself.

TO HEAD HER OFF.

Queen Victoria is Making the English Government Feel Uneasy.

LONDON, April 7.—Mr. Parnell has summoned his supporters to be present in Parliament on Wednesday next so as to vote for the Farm Laborers' relief bill.

The government is concerned in regard to the Berlin crisis. They fear that the growing irritation